Churchyard Literature

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CHURCHYARD LITERATURE;

OR

LIGHT READING ON GRAVE SUBJECTS:

BEING A

COLLECTION OF AMUSING, QUAINT, AND CURIOUS

EPITAPHS.

ENLARGED EDITION.

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1881.

Part I.

REMARKS.

This volume contains a great variety of churchyard inscriptions, or Epitaphs, which have been gathered from various sources. Many of them have, from time to time, appeared in one of our best and most popular magazines.* Quite a number have also been taken from two English works.† It is not easy to account for some of the odd and curious expressions and styles which are to be found on tombstones in many of the cemeteries of the world. We not only find the biographical and historical, but also the adulatory, admonitory, deprecatory, punning, enigmatical, eccentric, ridiculous, etc.

* Harper's Monthly.

† Chronicles of the Tombs, by T. G. Pettigrew, and Palmer's Epitaphs.

It is believed that the specimens in this volume are correct copies, and, if they do not impart instruction, they may serve to amuse,—and possibly lead to a more thoughtful and appropriate preparation, or selection, of monumental inscriptions.

It is to be hoped that inscriptions like most of those to be found in this volume, will be a record of the past, and not be imitated in the future.

> "Praises on tombs are trifles vainly spent,—
> A man's good name is his best monument."

They who live to do good, and "scatter blessings" along life's pathway, will "live in hearts they leave behind." and need no formal record of their merits on cold marble.

C. M.

EPITAPHS.

In Herndon Churchyard, England, is the following:

"Beneath this stone Tom Crossfield lies,
Who cares not now who laughs or cries;
He laughed when sober, and when mellow
He was a harum-scarum harmless fellow.
He gave to none designed offence,
So—'Honi soit qui mal y pense.'"

On Mr. Pepper, a Publican, at St. John's, Stamford, Lincolnshire:

"Hot by name, but mild by nature,
He brew'd good ale for every creature;
He brew'd good ale, and sold it too,
And unto each man gave his due."

At one time, punning Epitaphs were very common. Several of this class will be given.

"On Henry Miles.

This tombstone is a mile-stone; and why so?
Because beneath lies Miles, he's Miles below.
A little man he was, a dwarf in size,
Yet now stretched out, at least Miles long he lies.
This grave, though small, contains a space so wide,
There's Miles in length, and breadth and room beside."

This is in the Churchyard of Affington, in Devonshire, England:

"On Thomas Huddlestone.

Here lies Thomas Huddlestone. Reader, don't smile!
But reflect, as this tombstone you view,
That death, who kill'd him, in a very short while
Will *huddle a stone* upon you."

In a Churchyard at Cork:

"Here lies Pat Steele,—
That's very true!
Who was he? What was he
What's that to you!
He lies here because he
Is dead—not new!"

We do not know in what locality the following tribute of conjugal affection is to be found:

"Here lies my dear wife, a sad slattern and shrew,
If I said I regretted her, I should lie too!"

At St. Edmund's Bury:

"Here lies Joan Kitchen, who, when her glass was spent,
Kicked up her heels, and away she went."

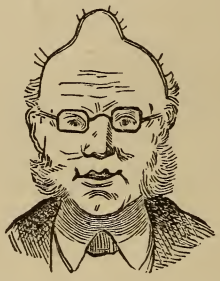
In Hackney Churchyard, to the memory of Peter Stiller:

"As still as Death poor Peter lies,
And Stiller when alive was he;
Still not without a hope to rise,
Though Stiller then he still will be."

In All Saints' Churchyard, Newcastle:

"Here lies Robert Wallace,
Clerk of All Hallows,
King of good fellows,
And maker of bellows.
He bellows did make till the day of his death,
But he that made bellows could never make breath."

In a town in Connecticut a man died who had a large wen on the top of his head. On his tombstone are the following illustration and lines:



"Our father lies beneath the sod,
His spirit's gone unto his God;
We never more shall hear his tread
Nor see the wen upon his head."

In a Churchyard near Hartford, Conn., is the following:

"Here lies two babies, so dead as nits;
De Lord he kilt dem mit his ague fits.
When dey was too good to live mit me,
He took dem up to live mit He,
So he did."

In Lillington Churchyard:

"I poorly lived, I poorly died,
And when I was buried nobody cried."

In Brighton Old Churchyard:

"His fate was hard, but God's decree
Was drowned he should be in the sea."

Mr. William Bell, minister of Errol (1651–1665), bequeathed seven acres of land for maintaining a bursar at St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's. On his tombstone, the following lines have been engraved:

"Here, ceast and silent, lies sweet-sounding Bell,
Who unto sleeping souls rung many a knell;
Death crackt this Bell, yet doth his pleasant chiming
Remain with those who are their lamps a-trimming;
In spite of Death, his word some praise still sounds
In Christ's Church, and in heaven his joy abounds."

On a Connecticut tombstone is this stanza:

"In usual health I left my home
To see my friends abroad
There God sent death and cut me down
O reader be prepared."

THE following illustrated Epitaph is from a grave-stone at Williamsport, Penn.:

"Sacred to the memory of

HENRY H——,

Born June 27th, 1821, of Henry H——,

and Jane, his wife.

Died on the 4th of May, 1831, by the kick of

a colt in his bowels.

Peaceable and quiet, a friend to
his father and mother, and respected
by all who knew him, and went
to the world where horses
don't kick, where sorrows and weeping
is no more."

A HEADSTONE in New Milford, Conn., over the body of a child who was drowned in a cistern, bears the following lines:

"In a moment he fled,
He ran to the cistern and raised the lid,
His father looked in, there did behold
His child lay dead and cold."

IN Doncaster Churchyard, England, is this couplet:

"Here lies 2 Brothers by misfortin serounded,
One dy'd of his wounds & the other was drownded."

A STONE cutter recently received, from a German, the following Epitaph to be engraved upon the tombstone of his deceased wife:

"My vife Susum is dead; If she'd had life till next Friday she'd been dead shust two weeks. As a tree falls so must she stand. Ail things is impossible mit God."

AT Dymock, Gloucestershire:

"Two sweetur babes you nare did see
Than God amity geed to wee
But they wur ortaken wee agur fitts
And here they lys has dead as nitts."

In Peter-Church, Herefordshire:

"Sickness was my portion,
Physic was my food,
Groans was my devotion,
Drugs did me no good.
The Lord took pity on me,
Because he thought it best—
He took me to His bosom,
And here I lie at rest."

At Manchester, England, a tombstone has the following:

"Here lies John Hill
A man of skill,
His age was five times ten,
He ne'er did good
Nor ever would
Had he lived as long again."

A tombstone in Iowa (Burlington), has this stanza:

"Beneath this stone our baby lays
He neither cries nor hollers;
He lived just one and twenty days
And cost us forty dollars."

At Cross Kirk, Northmavine, Shetland:

"M. S.

Donald Robertson,

Born 1st of January 1785; died 4th of June 1848, aged 63 years.

He was a peaceable quiet man, & to all appearance a sincere Christian. His death was very much regretted, which was caused by the stupidity of Laurence Tulloch, of Clotherton, who sold him nitre instead of Epsom salts, by which he was killed in the space of 3 hours after taking a dose of it."

On a tombstone erected over the body of a young lady in Dorchester, Mass., is the following:

"On the 21st of March
God's angels made a *sarche.*
Around the door they stood;
They took a maid
It is said,
And cut her down like wood."

Over the grave of a little child is this couplet:

"Wak'd to light, she on this world did peep,
Disliked it, closed her eyes and went to sleep."

On the tombstone of an aged man and his loving consort, are the following lines:

"Here lieth graven, under this stone,
Thomas Knowles, both flesh and bone;
Grocer and Alderman, years forty,
Sheriff and twice Mayor, truly:
And that he should not lie alone,
Here lieth with him his good wife Joan;
They lived together sixty year,
And nineteen children they had in fear."

The following lines are from the tombstone of one not over devout:

"Here lies the body of Nicolas Gunn,
Who died in the year eighteen hundred & one;
Pray for the soul of Nicolas Gunn—
You may if you please, or let it alone,
For it is all one to Nicolas Gunn,
Who died in the year eighteen hundred & one."

This is from a tombstone in Cornwall, England:

"Father and mother and I
Lie buried here asunder;
Father and mother lie buried here
And I lie buried yonder."

OVER the grave of a mechanic, noted for his ingenuity, the following lines were placed:

"He was a man of invention great,
Above all that lived nigh,
But he could not invent to live,
When God called him to die."

THE tombstone of a sea captain in Massachusetts bears the following:

"Though Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves
Have tossed me too and fro,
In spite of both, by God's decree,
I harbor here below,
Where I do at anchor ride
With many of our fleet;
Yet once again I must set sail,
Our Admiral, Christ, to meet."

ON an old stone in Newburyport, Mass., where the name of Noyes is common, are these lines.

"As you are, so was I,
God did call, I did die.
Now children all, whose name is Noyes,
Make Jesus Christ your only choice."

THE following is said to be on a gravestone near London:

"Poor Martha Shiell has gone away,
Her would if she could, but her couldn't stay;
Her had 2 bad legs and a baddish cough,
It was her two bad legs that carried her off."

A RESIGNED husband placed on the head stone of his wife, with whom he had not lived happily, the following:

"Here lies my wife; what better could she do
For her repose, and for her husband's too."

NEAR San Diego, California, a tombstone inscription thus reads:

"This yere is sakrid to the memory of William Henry Skaraken, who caim to his deth by bein shot by Colt's revolver — one of the old kind, bras mountid and of sutch is the kingdom of heavin."

ON a tombstone on Lake Superior is inscribed these words:

"J—— S——. Accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his br .ther."

Such affection is certainly not to be coveted.

THE following inscription, on a tombstone in England, may be regarded as somewhat doctrinal:

"Bold infidelity, turn pale and die—
Beneath this stone four infants' ashes lie;
Say, are they lost or saved?
If death's by sin, they sinned! because they are here;
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear.
Reason, ah! how depraved!
Revere the Bible's sacred page, the knot's untied,
They died, for Adam sinned; they live, for Jesus died."

THE following lines are over the remains of Robert Trollop, architect of the Exchange and Town Hall at New.Castle, England:

"Here lies Robert Trollop,
Who made yon stones roll up.
When death took his soul up,
His body filled this hole up."

ON the tombstone of Rev. Joseph Moody, a somewhat eccentric pastor of the olden time, at York, Maine, is this couplet:

"Although this stone may moulder into dust,
Yet Joseph Moody's name continue must."

THE following quaint Epitaph is inscribed on a brass plate in the stone floor of the ancient parish church in Kendall, England:

"Hereunder lyeth ye body of Mr. Ralph Tirck, late Vicar of Kendall, Batchelor of Divinity, who died the 4th day of June, A. D., 1627.

London bredd me, Westminster fedd me,
Cambridge spedd me, my sister wedd me,
Study taught me, Living sought me,
Learning brought me, Kendall caught me,
Labor pressed me, sickness distressed me,
Death possessed me, and grave possessed me,
God first gave me, Christ did save me,
Earth did crave me, and Heaven would have me."

IN Oxfordshire, the following lines appear on a head-stone:

"Here lies the body of John Eldred,
At least he will be here when he is dead;
But now at this time he is alive,
The fourteenth of August, sixty-five."

OVER the body of a Mrs. Jennings, the mother of a numerous family, is this couplet:

"Some have children — some have none—
Here lies the mother of twenty-one."

In the early settlement of Western New York, was a small family in which lived the parents of the head. In course of time, the old folks died, and the son, wishing to show proper respect for their memory, caused the following couplet to be inscribed on their tombstone:

"Here lies a Father and a Mother true,
A Granther and a Granny tue."

The following stanza chronicles the cause of a sudden death and also the size of the bereaved family:

"From life to death — a sudden stroke —
His head was by a saw-gate broke;
The purple gore in streams did run;
He left a widder and one son!"

In the Churchyard of St. John's, in the old city of Chester, the following lines are commemorative of one Sarah Booth:

"A good wife, a tender mother,
It were hard to find out such another;
In love she lived, in peace she died,
And when God called he was not denied."

On a gravestone in Ryegate township, Vermont, the following lines appear:

"In memory of —— ——. He died in July, in the eightieth year of the American Era. He was an active, honest, and successful merchant, and a firm Democratic representative in the Legislature of Vermont. He died as he lived — happy."

And then follows this stanza:

"I lived on earth; I died on earth;
In earth I am interred;
All that have life are sure of death;
The rest may be inferred."

A tombstone at Saratoga had the following testimony and warning:

"Emma, dau'r of Abraham and Matilda C——, and wife of Theodore S——, died Aug. 10, 1868, Æ 26 yrs., leaving five children — married too young against her father's will.

Single women take warning.."

On the tombstone of a smuggler killed by the Excise Officers, is the following:

"Here I lies,
Killed by X I I."

OVER the grave of a man and wife, whose married life was somewhat contentious, is the following expressive and comprehensive line:

"Their warfare is accomplished."

ONE John Round was lost at sea, and in the cemetery of his native place a stone was erected on which this couplet was inscribed:

"Under this sod lies John Round
Who was lost at sea and never found."

OVER the remains of a young lady who died after a brief illness is a stone with this stanza:

"Her blooming cheeks were no defence
Against the scarlet fever;
In five days' time she was cut down
To be with Christ forever."

FROM a tombstone near London, the following lines are taken:

"Here lies the body of Nancy H. Gwyn,
Who was so very pure within
She burst her outer shell of sin
And hatched herself a cherubin."

On a tombstone in the church of Quorndon, England, to the memory of a man and wife:

"He first departed — she a little tried
To live without him — liked it not and died."

The following is from a cemetery in Maine, and was erected by the widow, who was clearly not in very great distress on account of the visitation of Providence, though she evidently felt very solicitous for a successor to the departed:

"Sacred to the memory of James H. R——m, who died Aug. the 6th, 1800. His widow who mourns as one who can be comforted, aged 24, and possessing every qualification for a good wife, lives at —— street, in this village."

The three following are from Ashton churchyard, England:

"Too much blood a vein did bust,
And stretched Tom Tucker down in dust."

"Here lies the body of William Dent,
Death turned up his heels and away he went."

"Here lies Dick, and here lies he
Hallelu-jar — Hallelu-gee."

On a tombstone in Portland, Maine, over the body of a child, is this couplet:

"The little hero that lies here
Was conquered by the diarrhea."

A farmer in Indiana ordered the following inscription which, he said, "was written by the family," to be placed on the headstone of his son:

"He died at nashville tennessee
he died of chronic diaree
it truly paneful must of bin
to die so far away from home."

In the Old Church, near Christ Church, Bristol, England:

"Here lieth Tho. Turar, and Mary, his wife. He was twice Master of the Company of Bakers, and twice Churchwarden of this parish. He died March 6th, 1654. She died May 8th, 1643.

Like to the baker's *oven*, is the grave,
Wherein the bodyes of the faithful have
A *setting in*, and where they do remain
In hopes to rise, and to be *drawn* again;
Blessed are they, who in the Lord are dead,
Though set like *dough*, they shall be drawn like *bread*."

In an English Churchyard is a stone with these lines:

"Here lies buried beneath these stones,
The beard, the flesh, and all the bones
Of the Parish Clerk—old David Jones."

In the Churchyard of Winchester Cathedral, on Thomas Thetcher,

"Who died of a violent fever caused by drinking cold small-beer after a quick march, May 2, 1764.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier,
Who caught his death by drinking cold small-beer:
Soldiers, be wise from his untimely fall,
And when ye're hot drink strong, or none at all."

On a tombstone in Collinsville, Conn., are these lines:

"Ann Lavan is my name,
Ireland is my nation,
Collinsville my intering place,
Heaven is my station.
While grass is green and roses red,
This is my name when I am dead
And all my bones are rottan,
On this stone my name will be,
When I am quite forgottan."

THE following lines are from a tombstone in Portsmouth, England:

"Here lies retired from earthly scenes,
A first lieutenant of marines,
Who once did live in peace and plenty,
On board the ship, the Diligente,
Now stripped of all his war-like show
And laid in box of elm below;
Confined in earth in narrow borders,
He rises not till further orders."

FROM Luton Churchyard:

"Here lies the body of Samuel Proctor,
Who lived and died without a doctor."

IN Hammersfield Churchyard, Suffolk, on Robert Crytoft, ob. 1810, æt. 90:

"As I walk'd by myself, I talk'd to myself,
And thus myself said to me:
Look to thyself, and take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.

So I turn'd to myself, and I answered myself,
In the self-same reverie;
Look to myself, or look not to myself,
The self-same thing will it be."

In Lincoln Cathedral, a stone to the memory of Doctor Otwell Hill, who died in 1616, æt. 56, bears a Latin inscription which, translated, reads thus:

"'Tis Otwell Hill, a holy Hill,
And truly, sooth to say,
Upon this Hill, he praised still,
The Lord both night and day.
Upon this Hill this Hill did cry,
Aloud the Scripture letter,
And strove your wicked villains by
Good counsel to make better."

In the Churchyard at Childwald, England, is this stanza:

"Here lies the body of John Smith
Buried in the cloisters;
If he don't jump at the last trump,
Call, 'Oysters!'"

The following is the Epitaph of Sheil, an Irish orator:

"Here lies I. There's an end to my woes,
And my spirit at length at *aise* is,
With the tip of my nose, and the end of my toes,
Turned up against the roots of the daisies."

On a tombstone in Worcester, England, is the following singular inscription:

"Mammy and I together lived
Just two years and a half;
She went first — I followed next,
The cow before the calf."

The following is an accurate copy of an inscription on a gravestone in Liverpool, Eng.:

"Here lieth the body of Jane Coward, the wife of John Coward, that departed this life 20th May, 1826, aged 20.

My summons is Ny my
Friends I blame my inward
pains with pations bore all
meddicons proved in vain."

On Mrs. Mary Rogers, Folkstone, England:

"Hear lyeth the bones of Mary Rogers, who left this world A. D. 1692; she was a goode mother, wifee, and daughterr.

Al goud people, as you pass
Pray *reed* my hour glass;
After sweets and bitters it's down,
And I have left your pretty town.
Remember soon you must prepare to fly
From all your friends, and come to *high*."

At Islington, England:

"Humphrey Bridges, ob. 1770, æt. 42.
Reader, prepare to follow me,
For as I am so shall ye be;
Thy body too must come to dust,
Therefore prepare, for die you must.
For life's uncertain, death is sure:
Sin is the wound, and Christ the cure,
Repent in time, and sin no more."

The second wife of the Rev. S—— P——, of Hebron, Conn., was married at the age of seventeen and died within twenty days. Her monument bears this expressive inscription:

"A wedding turned to lamentation,
The greatest grief in all creation."

In a Churchyard of Cornish, England, are the following lines, not very complimentary to the pater familias:

"Here lies the body of Joan Carthew,
Born at St. Columb, died at St. Kew;
Children she had five,
Two are dead and three are alive;
Those that are dead choosing rather
To die with their mother than live with their father."

THE following is from a Churchyard in Cornwall, England:

"'Twas by a fall I caught my death;
No man can tell his time or breath;
I might have died as soon as then
If I had had Physician men."

THE three next following are from the same cemetery (at Quorndon, Eng.):

"The Lord saw good, I was lopping off wood,
And down fell me from the tree;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so death lopped off me."

"Here lies entombed old Roger Norton,
Whose sudden death was oddly brought on;
Trying one day his corn to mow off,
The razor slipped and cut his toe off.
The toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to;
The part affected took to mortifying,
And poor old Roger took to dying."

ON the headstone of an infant three months old:

"Since I am so quickly done for,
I wonder what I was begun for."

THESE lines are on the tombstone of a young lady in England:

"Death loves a shining mark;
And in this case he had it."

ON the tombstone of a man named "Cave," is the following:

"Here in this Grave there lyes a Cave,
We call a Cave a Grave;
If Cave be Grave, and Grave be Cave,
Then, reader! judge, I crave,
Whether doth Cave here lye in Grave,
Or Grave doth lye in Cave?
If Grave and Cave here buried lye,
Then Grave where is thy victorie?
Go, reader, and report here lyes a Cave
Who conquers death and buries his own Grave."

THE following comes from Ohio:

"Under this sod
And under these trees
Lieth the bod-
y of Solomon Pease.
He's not in this hole,
But only his pod;
He shelled out his soul
And went up to his God."

On a stone in Cornwall, England, is a sculptured representation of a blacksmith shop, with shoes, nails, anvils, tongs, etc., and the following lines, commemorative of Thomas Cornish who died Jan. 1, 1844, aged 66 years:

"My sledge and hammer lie declined,
My bellows' pipes have lost their wind;
My fire's extinguished — coal decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid;
My iron's wrought, my life is gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done."

At Attleborough, Mass., over the body of a negro slave, called Cæsar, is a stone with these lines:

"Here lies the best of slaves,
Now turning into dust;
Cæsar, the Ethiopian, claims
A place among the just.

His faithful soul has fled
To realms of heavenly light,
And by the blood that Jesus shed
Is changed from Black to White.

January 15, he quitted the stage,
In the 77th year of his age,
1781."

In Highgate cemetery, London:

"Life's like a Winter's Day:
Some only Breakfast and away;
Others to Dinner stay, and are full fed;
The oldest one but Sups and goes to Bed:
Wretched is he that lingers out the day—
He that goes the soonest has the least to pay."

The following lines are on a tombstone at Childwald, England:

"Here lies me and my three daughters,
Brought here by using Siedlitz waters;
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We wouldn't have been in these here vaults."

These lines are from a Connecticut churchyard:

"Here lies two twins, all side by side,
Of the small-pox both of them died."

In Chichester Cathedral yard, on a child aged fifteen months:

"He woke, and took life's cup to sip;
Too bitter 'twas to drain;
He meekly put it from his lip,
And went to sleep again."

On a tombstone at Wood Ditton an iron dish is fastened, according to the directions of the deceased, and under it are these lines:

"William Symons, ob. 1753, æt. 80.
Here is my corpse, who was a man
That loved a sop in the dripping pan;
But now, believe me, I am dead,
So here the pan stands at my head.
Still for sops to the last I cried,
But could not eat and so I died.
My neighbors, they perhaps will laugh,
When they do read my Epitaph."

In New Haven Churchyard, Sussex, to the memory of Thomas Tipper:

"Reader, with kind regard this grave survey,
Nor heedless pass where Tipper's ashes lay;
Honest he was, ingenuous, blunt, and kind,
And dared do what few dared do, speak his mind.
Philosophy and History well he knew,
Was versed in Physick and in Surgery too;
The best old Stingo he both brewed and sold,
Nor did one knavish act to get his Gold;
He played through Life a varied, comic part,
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart.
Reader, in real truth, such was the Man;
Be better, wiser, laugh more, if you can."

A Mr. Horne, who had lost four wives, caused the following to be inscribed on their monument:

"To the memory of my four wives, who all died within the space of ten years, but more *pertickler* to the last, Mrs. Sally Horne, who has left me and four dear children; she was a good, *sober*, and *clean soul*, and may I soon go to her. A. D. 1732.

Dear wives, if you and i shall all go to heaven,
The Lord be blest, for then we shall be even.
William Joy Horne, Carpenter."

A relieved and joyful husband caused the following lines to be placed on the headstone of his wife, — in Kilmury Churchyard:

"This stone was raised by Sarah's lord,
Not Sarah's virtues to record, —
For they're well-known to all the town, —
But it was *raised* to keep *her down*."

On the tombstone of a tattling young lady, are these lines:

"Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies Arabella Young;
Who on the 24th of May,
Began to hold her tongue."

In a very old cemetery in Bayfield, Wisconsin, the following inscription is on one of the headstones:

"BASIL, child of Jos. Davis,
& Fleuvis Davis. Died
On August, 1864, aged 4 years & 4 mths & 18 days.
Struck
by
Thunder.

From Rushville, N. Y., we get the following:

"In my 23rd year I married me a wife,
And lived with her 35 years of my life.
Sixteen years after my life I resigned,
And of my 8 children left 7 behind."

In Cape May cemetery is a stone erected to the memory of

"Mary Jane,
Aged 11 yrs. and 8 mos.
She was not smart, she was not fair,
But hearts with grief for her are swellin';
And empty stands her little chair—
She died of eatin' watermelin."

In a Churchyard in the Isle of Thanet, a tombstone bears this inscription:

"Against his will
Here lies George Hill
Who from a cliff
Fell down quite stiff;
When it happened is not known,
Therefore not mention'd on this stone."

Mr. Hugh Cargill came from Ireland and settled in Concord, N. H., where he died. The following lines are upon his headstone:

"How strange, O God, who reigns on high,
That I should come so far to die,
And leave my friends where I was bred,
To lay my bones with strangers dead.
But I have hopes when I arise
To dwell with thee in yonder skies."

In Milbrook Churchyard, near Southampton, on Eliza Newman, died 1772:

"Like a tender Rose Tree was my spouse to me;
Her offspring Pluckt, too long deprived of life is she;
Three went before, Her Life went with the Six,
I stay with the 3 Our sorrows for to mix,
Till Christ our only hope, Our Joys doth fix."

In Basingstoke cemetery, Hants, in memory of Anthony Curtis:

"This world's a City full of crooked streets,
And death the Market-place where all men meets;
If Life was Merchandise that men could buy,
The rich would live and none but poor would die."

The two next following are from tombstones in New Jersey:

"Mr. John Lawrence who Nov. 6th first drew his breath, and Oct. 16th 1766 yielded to death.

From London truly famed came I;
Was born in Stains a place near by;
In Rahway at old age did die;
And here intombed in earth must lie,
Till Christ ye dead calls from on high."

"Jacob Spicer, Esq., departed this life, Sept. 17th, 1765, in the 49th year of his age.

If aught that's good or great could save,
Spicer had never seen the grave."

In Ombersley Churchyard, in Worcestershire, England, are these lines:

"Sharp was her wit, mild her nature,
A tender wife, a good humored creature."

A MAN, who lived and died in a city of New Jersey, had his memory perpetuated by two headstones — one in the Presbyterian Church-yard, where his body now reposes, and the other in the Methodist ground, where it did repose, and from which it was removed. The stone in the latter yard bears this testimony:

"Interred in this spot his body did lay,
On the grounds selected, for which he did pay;
But his widow would not let his body alone,
Because his first children reared a stone.
After his death his children and second wife
Sought to hold what he had earned during his life,
His first children no claim, no portion should hold,
So they robbed his grave and his lot they sold."

DISCONSOLATE widow in Michigan had these lines inscribed on the headstone of her deceased husband:

"My dear husband, I erect this monument in memory of you;
I hope it will be pleasing to God and to you."

AT Middletown, Conn.:

"A loving wife and tender mother,
Left this base world to enjoy the other.

THE following lines were appropriate enough on the tombstone of one who had led a selfish and useless life:

"Here lies a man who did no good,
And if he'd lived he never would;
Where he's gone or how he fares,
Nobody knows & nobody cares."

THIS rather reflects on a doctor:

"Here Doctor Fisher lies interr'd
Who filled the half of this churchyard."

THE following stanza is said to have been copied from a tombstone in Oxford, N. H.:

"To all my friends I bid adieu;
A more sudden death you never knew:
As I was leading the old mare to drink,
She kicked and killed him quicker'n a wink."

As an illustration of the exigencies of rhyme an English writer cites the following Epitaph from a tombstone at Manchester:

"Here lies, alas! more's the pity,
All that remains of Nicholas Newcity.
N. B. His name was Newtown."

THE following Epitaph was on a young lady who died just previous to the day appointed for her wedding:

"The wedding-day appointed was,
And wedding dress provided;
But ere the wedding-day arrived
She sickened and she die did."

THE following is from a stone near Appomattox Court House, Va.:

"Robert C. Wright was Born june 26th, 1772. Died July 2d, 1815, by the bloodthrusty hand of John Sweeny, Sr., Who was massacre with the Nife, then a Loudon Gun discharge a ball penetrate the Heart that Give the immortal wound."

ON a miser's tombstone:

"The wretched man who moulders here
Cared not for soul or body lost, —
But only wept, when death drew near,
To think how much his tomb would cost."

THE four next following are from a London paper—the first on William Wilson, Tailor:

"Here lies the body of W. W.,
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you

OVER the remains of one Thomas Woodcock are these lines:

"Here lies the remains of Thomas Woodhen,
The most amiable of husbands, and excellent of men.
N. B. His real name was Woodcock, but it wouldn't come in rhyme. *His Widow.*"

AN Epitaph in a Churchyard in Seven Oaks, Kent, England:

"Grim Death took me without any warning,
I was well at night, and dead at nine in the morning."

"Here lies interred the mortal remains of Doctor John Osborne. Ask nothing further, traveller; nothing better can be said, nor nothing shorter. Ob. 31st May, 1753. Æ 40. Life how short, eternity how long."

THE following lines were placed on the headstone of a youth who was drowned:

"Many stood round,
Though none could save
This blooming youth from a watery grave;
Great search was made the corpse to obtain,
But all their searching was in vain.
Long time elapsed — the corpse did rise,
And eager friends did *seize the prize.*"

From the tombstone of a miser.

"Here lies old 33 per cent.
The more he made the more he lent,
The more he got the more he craved,
The more he made the more he shaved,
Great God! can such a soul be saved!"

At Woodstock, Conn., is a stone with these lines:

"Beneath this spot repose the remains of John Martin, Esq., who died in Providence, R. I., Sept. 1, 1833, in the 71st year of his age."

The following lines, written by himself a short time previous to his death, are, at his request, engraved on his monument:

"An honest man is the noblest work of God,
Wherever laid beneath the clod;
One who never falsifies his word
Deserves the plume of 'any Bird.'"

On a tombstone in South Carolina, is the following.

"Here lies the body of Robert Gordin;
Mouth Almighty and teeth accordin;
Stranger, tread lightly over this wonder;
If he opens his mouth you're gone by thunder."

In a cemetery near Paris, in France, a small lamp was at one time kept burning under an urn over a grave, and the following inscription was on the stone:

"Here lies Fournier (Pierre Victor),
Inventor of 'Everlasting Lamps,'
Which burn only one centime's worth of oil in an hour.
He was a good Father, Son, and Husband.
His inconsolable Widow
Continues his business at No. 10 Rue aux Trois;
Goods sent to all parts of the city.
N. B. Do not mistake the opposite shop for this.
S. V. P. R. I. P.

On a tombstone in Ohio, are these lines:

"*Hear* the old man lies,
No one laughs no one cries.
Where he has gone or how he fares
No one knows and no one cares
But his brother James and his wife Emeline
They was his friends all of the time."

"Here lies Donald & his wife
Janet MacFee
Aged 40 hee
And 30 shee."

THE following is said to be a literal copy of an inscription on a tombstone in Scotland:

"Here lies the body of Alexander Macpherson
Who was a very extraordinary person,
Who was two yards high in his stocking feet,
And kept his accouterments clean and neat.
He was slew
At the battle of Waterloo
Plump through
The gullet; it went in at his throat,
And came out at the back of his coat."

FROM a tombstone in Oswego Co., N. Y.:

"In Memory of
The earthly house, or tabernacle of
SARAH A——,
which fell Sept. 6th, 1847,
which had been standing
37 years and 5 months:
Her Phsychology
was the wife of
Henry C. H——,
and daughter of
Thomas and Mary ——
John XI, 26th.
Believest thou this?
Yes! Sarah lives."

THE five following are from ancient tombstones in Middletown, Conn., the stones bearing date 1682, 1691, etc.:

"Beneath thys stonne
Death's pris'ner lyes;
The stonne shall move,
The pris'ner rise." 1682

"Here lyes our Deaconne Hall
Whoe studyed peace with alle,
Was upprighte inne hys lyfe,
Voide of malygnante stryfe;
Gonne to hys restte
Left us in sorrowe;
Doubtless hys goode
Works will hym followe." 1691.

"Beautiful flower of Middletown,
How art thou cutted down! cutted down!

"This lovely, pleasant child —
He was our only one,
Atho' we're buried three before —
Two daughters and a son." 1753.

"Sacred to the memory of
CHARLEY and VARLEY,
Sons of loving parents who died in infancy."

On the headstone of a noted miser, is the following:

"Here lies old Father Gripe, who never cried 'Jam satis,'—
'Twould wake him did he know you read his tombstone gratis."

A man by the name of Bywater was drowned, and the following lines were placed on his headstone:

"Here lies the remains of his relatives' pride,
Bywater he lived, and by water he died;
Though by water he fell, yet Bywater he'll rise,
By water baptismal attaining the skies."

From a tombstone in England:

"Here lies William Smith, and what
is somewhat rarish,
He was born, bred, and hanged in
this here parish."

On a tombstone at Gettysburg, Penn.:

"Remember man as
you pass by that
you must die as well as I."

An inscription on a tombstone in East Tennessee concludes thus:

"She lived a life of virtue and died of the cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit, in the hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of 21 years 7 months and 16 days. Reader, go thou and do likewise."

In a cemetery in New London County, Ct., is a lot containing five graves — one in the center, the others near by at the four points of the compass. The inscriptions on the latter read respectively, after the name of the deceased:

"My I wife." "My II wife."
"My III wife." "My IIII wife." —

while the central stone bears the brief but comprehensive inscription:

"Our Husband."

The following lines are from a rough headboard at a pass in the Rocky Mountains known as the "Devil's Gate":

"Here lies the body of Carrie Sodd
Who has lately died and gone to God;
Which shows that redemption is never too late,
For she was saved at the 'Devil's Gate.'"

From Hollis, N. H., we get this:

"Benjamin Parker, near eighty-three,
Respectable you once did see;
His grandson now lies over him
We all must feel the effect of sin." 1802.

"Our Little Jacob
Has been Taken Away from this Earthly Garden
To Bloom
In a superior Flower-pot
Above."

"Here lies my wife Sallie; let her lie,
She's at peace and so am I."

On a tombstone in New Hampshire:

"Richard Jenkins here doth lay
(Lately removed from over ye way),
His body's here — his soul's in heaven,
1767."

At Kittery, Maine, is the following:

"I was drowned, alas! in the deep, deep seases,
The blessed Lord does as he pleases,
But my Kittery friends did soon appear,
And laid my body right down here."

One Sexton, an Englishman, had two wives, and this significant inscription was put upon the tombstone of one by the bereaved husband:

"Here lies my wife, Sallie Sexton;
She was a wife who never vexed one;
I can't say that for her at the next stone."

The following is from a tombstone in Hadley Churchyard, England:

"The charnal mounted on the w–
Sets to be seen in funer–
A matron plain, domestic–
In care and pain continu–
Not slow, not gay, not prodig–
Yet neighborly, and hospit–
Her children seven yet living
Her sixty-seventh year hence did c–
To rest her body natur–
In hopes to rise spiritu–
} ALL."

The following is from a tombstone in New Jersey:

"Reader, pass on! — don't waste your time
On bad biography and bitter rhyme;
For what *I am*, this crumbling clay insures,
And what *I was*, is no affair of yours!"

THE following may be found on a tombstone in Nottinghamshire, England:

"Sacred to the memory of John Walker, the only son of Benjamin and Ann Walker, engineer and palisade maker, died Sept. 23d, 1832, aged, 36 yrs.

Farewell my wife and father dear,
No engine powers now do I fear;
My glass is run, my work is done,
And now my head lies quiet here.
Tho' many an engine I've set up,
And got great praise from men;
I made them work on British ground
And on the roaring main.

My engine's stopped, my valves are bad,
And lies so deep within,
No engineer could here be found
To put me new ones in:
But Jesus Christ converted me,
And took me up above;
I hope once more to meet once more,
And sing redeeming love."

THE following is from Ireland, 1781:

"Ah cruel Death! why so unkind
To take her, and leave me behind?
Better to have taken both or neither,
It would have been more kind to the Survivor."

In the Potter's field at Yorkville, Canada, is the following:

"Come all young men as you pass by,
And stop and read before you cry.
I am the mother of 7 children,
4 sons have I.
3 of them was wicked and wild which
caused me here to lie.

The 8th of April I walked to the jail. I saw my son in chains. The 16th of April I took my bed, the 25th then I died. I have an honest and industrious husband that you all know so well. He provided a living for us while travelling here below. My sister, standing by my side, thus to me did say: — 'Have you made your peace with the Lord?' I answered, 'Yea.' I bowed my head, closed my eyes, and said, 'good by, my friends, good by: I have no more to say.'"

The four next following are from tombstones in Connecticut:

"I gave this ground,
I'm laid here first;
Soon my remains
Will turn to dust.
My wife and progeny around,
Come sleep with me
In this cold ground."

"My fellow youth, stop here awhile,
And see my monumental pile;
Once I like you alive: But ah!
Am nothing now but native clay."

"He heard the angels calling him
From that celestial shore,
So he plumed his soul's bright pinion
And made one angel more."

"My friends will pass this lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slow along
While gazing at those spears of grass
Which will be o'er my body grown."

A HEADSTONE in Watertown, Mass., bears this inscription:

Pious Lydia made and given by God
As a most meet help unto John Baily,
Minister of the Gospel.
Good betimes — Best at last
Lived by faith — Died in grace,
Went off singing — Left us weeping,
Walked with God till translated in the 39th yeare of her age, April 16, 1691.

Read her Epitaph in Prov. XXXI, 10, 11, 12, 28, 29, 30, and 31."

THE following is from a tombstone in Connecticut:

"Now she is dead and cannot stir;
Her cheeks are like the faded rose;
Which of us next shall follow her,
The Lord Almighty only knows.

Hark! she bids all her friends adieu;
An angel calls her to the spheres;
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue
Through liquid telescopes of tears."

A MRS. Hannah Jones piously raised a tablet to the memory of her departed husband, who had been a hosier. The inscription, after recounting the many virtues of the deceased, closes with the following couplet:

"He left his hose, his Hannah, and his love,
To go and sing hosannah in the realms above."

A HEADSTONE in New Hampshire, over the remains of a young lady who was shot by a youth, has this stanza:

"Here lies our beloved daughter,
Killed by the hand of the malicious Henry,
Who on the way to school he met her
And with a six self-cocked pistol shot her."

In Oxfordshire, England:

"Sir Cope D'Oyly.

To the glorious memorie of that Noble Knight, Sir Cope D'Oyly, late Deputy Lieut. of Oxfordshire, and Justice of Oyer and Terminer. Heir of the antient and famous Family of the D'Oylys, of the same countie, Founders of the Noble Abbies of Osney and Missenden, &c.

Who put on Immortality the 4th of Aug., in the Year of our Redemption, 1633.

Ask not who is buried here.
Go ask the Commons, ask the Shire,
Go ask the Church, They'll tell thee who,
As well as blubber'd eyes can do.
Go ask the Heralds, ask the poor;
Their Ears shall have enough to ask no more.
Then if thine Eye bedew this sad urn,
Each drop a Pearl will turn
To adorn his Tomb, or, if thou can'st not vent,
Thou bringst more Marble to his monument."

On the headstone of a deceased clergyman at East Hampton, Conn., are these singular lines:

"On this monument is inscribed
Virtuous bands of Hymen's yoke:
Each kindred mind by grace refined
With angels joined his mate shall find."

One Robert Baxter, of Farhouse, was supposed to have been poisoned by a neighbor. The poison was placed upon some bread and butter, and ate by Baxter on his way to the fell. The following lines are upon his tombstone at Knaresdale.

"All you that please these lines to read,
It will cause a tender heart to bleed.
I murdered was upon the fell,
And by the man I knew full well;
By bread and butter which he'd laid,
I, being harmless, was betrayed.
I hope he will rewarded be
That laid the poison there for me."

In Grantharn Churchyard, England:

"John Palfreyman, who is buried here,
Was aged four and twenty year;
And near this place his mother lies,
Likewise his father when he dies."

On a tombstone at Lyme, Conn.:

"This Deacon, aged 68,
Is freed on earth from sarving:
May he for a crown no longer wait:
Lyme's Captain, Reynold Marvin."

At Saragossa, Spain, is the following:

"Here lies John Quebecca, precentor to My Lord, the King. When he is admitted to the choir of angels, whose society he will embellish, and where he will distinguish himself by his powers of song, God shall say to the angels: 'Cease, ye calves! and let me hear John Quebecca, precentor of My Lord, the King!'"

One Sternhold Oakes offered a prize for the best Epitaph to be placed on his tombstone. Several were offered, but all rejected on the ground that they flattered him too much, and he finally wrote this couplet himself:

"Here lies the body of Sternhold Oakes,
Who lived and died like other folks."

In Whittlebury Churchyard, Northamptonshire:

"John Heath, 1767, æt. 27.
While Time doth run, from sin depart;
Let none e'er shun Death's piercing dart;
For read and look, and you will see
A wondrous change was wrought on me.
For while I lived in joy and mirth,
Grim Death came in and stopped my breath;
For I was single in the morning light,
By noon was married, and was dead at night."

On a tombstone at Folkstone (1688), are the following lines, in memory of Rebecca Rogers:

"A house she hath, 'tis made of such good fashion
The tenant ne'er shall pay for reparation;
Nor will her landlord ever raise her rent,
Or turn her out of doors for non-payment;
From chimney-tax this cell's forever free,—
To such a house, who would not tenant be?"

In a Churchyard at St. Anne's, Isle of Man, is the following inscription:

"Daniel Tears, ob. Dec. 7, 1781, æt. 110 years.

Here, friend, is little Daniel's tomb;
To Joseph's age he did arrive,
Sloth killing thousands in their bloom
While labor kept poor Dan alive.
Though strange, yet, true, full seventy years
His wife was happy in her *Tears!*"

In Longnor Churchyard, Stafford:

"William Billings, a soldier in the British army 75 years,
Died 1793, aged 114 years.
Billeted by death, I quartered here remain,
And when the trumpet sounds, I'll rise and march again."

From a tombstone in Pennsylvania:

"Battle of Shiloh,
April 6, 1862.

John D. L—— was born March 26th, 1839, in the town of West Dresden, State of New York, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

The following lines, commemorative of one Isaac Greentree, are in Harrow Churchyard, England:

"Beneath these green trees rising to the skies,
The planter of them, Isaac Greentree, lies;
A time shall come when these green trees shall fall,
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all."

On Thomas Kemp, who was hanged for sheep stealing:

"Here lies the body of Thomas Kemp,
Who lived by wool, but died by hemp;
There's nothing would suffice this glutton,
But, with the fleece, to steal the mutton;
Had he but work'd and lived uprighter,
He'd ne'er been hung for a sheep biter."

"She's gone and cannot come to we
But we shall shortly go to she."

Copied from a stone in the Churchyard of East Grimstead, in Sussex:

"In memory of Russell Hall,
And Mary his wife.
He died March 25th, 1816,
Aged 79 years.
She died August 22, 1809,
Aged 58 years.

The ritual stone thy children lay
O'er thy respected dust,
Only proclaims the mournful day,
When we our parents lost.
To copy thee in life we'll strive,
And when we that resign
May some good-natured friend survive
To lay our bones by thine."

One Capt. Jones was a great traveler and fond of telling large stories, some of which he verified by an oath. When he died, the following Epitaph was placed on his tombstone:

"Tread softly, mortals, o'er the bones
Of the world's wonder, Captain Jones!
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
Put never was believed by any.
Posterity, let this suffice:
He swore all's true, yet here he *lies*."

A TOMBSTONE in Germany has a representation of an ox, with head depressed and tail elevated, evidently in the act of thrusting his horns into a chalk white individual pressed against a rock, — and under the same is the inscription which follows:

"By the thrust of ox's horn
Came I into heaven's bourn;
All so quickly did I die,
Wife and children leave must I;
But in eternity rest I now,
All through thee, thou wild beast, thou!"

THIS couplet is from an old tombstone:

"He lived and died a true christian,
He loved his friends and hated his enemies."

THE following lines are on the tombstone of Peter Snell, for 35 years parish clerk of Crayford, Kent, England:

"The life of this clerk was just three score and ten,
During half of which time he had sang out, amen!
In his youth he married, like other young men;
His wife died one day, so he chanted, amen!
A second he took, she departed, — what then?
He married and buried a third with — amen!
Thus his joys and his sorrows were treble, but then
His voice was deep bass, as he chanted, amen!
On the horn he could blow as well as most men,
But his horn was exalted in blowing, amen!
He lost all his wind after three score and ten,
And here with three wives he waits till again
The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out, amen!"

ONE Robert Kemp placed the following lines on the tombstone of his deceased wife:

"She once was mine,
But now, O Lord,
I her to thee resign,
And remain, your obedient, humble servant,
Robert Kemp."

"Here I lies and no wonder I'm dead,
For the wheel of a wagon went over my head."[9]

In Pewsey Church, England:

"Here lies the body
of
Lady O'Looney,
Great niece of Burke,
commonly called 'The Sublime.'
She was
bland, passionate, and deeply religious;
Also she painted
In water colours,
And sent several pictures
To the Exhibition.
She was first cousin
To Lady Jones;
And of such
Is the Kingdom of Heaven."

On the tombstone of twin sisters, who died at the same time and were buried in the same grave:

"Fair marble! tell to future days
That here two virgin sisters lie,
Whose lives employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose deaths gave tears to ev'ry eye.
In stature, beauty, years and form,
Together as they grew they shone;
So much alike, so much the same,
That death mistook them both for one!"

On a tombstone at Wolverhampton, in 1690, are these lines:

"Here lies the bones
Of Joseph Jones,
Who eat while he was able;
But once o'erfed,
He dropped down dead,
And fell beneath the table.
When from the tomb,
To met his doom,
He rises amidst sinners;
Since he must dwell
In heav'n or hell,
Take him—which gives best dinners."

A bereaved husband in Berkshire County, Mass., caused the following complimentary notice to be placed on the tombstone of his third wife:

"The best wife I ever had."

The following is from an English tombstone erected to the memory of Edward Everard:

"You *was to* good to live on earth with me,
And I not good enough to die with thee:
Farewel, dear husband; God would have it so;
You'*l near* return, but I to you must go."

On William More, in Stepney Churchyard, Eng.:

"Here lies *one More* and *no more* than he;
One More and *no more!* how can that be?
Why *one More* and *no more* may lie here alone;
But here lies *one More*, and that's *more* than one!"

The three next following are copies of Epitaphs upon the tombstones of representative men in the Indian tribes of New England.

At Oldtown, Maine, over the body of Orono, chief of the Penobscots, who died at the age of 113, in 1801, a tombstone bears the following:

"Safe lodged within his blanket, here below,
Lie the last relics of old Orono;
Worn down with toil and care, he in a trice
Exchanged his wigwam for a paradise."

In the Mohegan Burial ground, near Norwich, is the following:

"Here lies the body of Sunseeto,
Own son to Uncas, grandson to Oneeko,
Who were the famous sachems of Moheagan,
But now they are all dead, I think it is *werheegen.*" *

* All well, or good news.

An old stone, in a cemetery at Norwich, Conn., to the memory of the noted chief, Uncas, has the following Epitaph:

"Samuel Uncas.
For Beauty, wit, for Sterling sense,
For temper mild, For Eliquence,
For Courage Bold, for things wauregan,
He was the Glory of Moheagon —
Whose death has Caused great lamentation
Both to ye English and ye Indian Nation."

This comes from England:

"Tom Dowley died when God decreed,
Though they blister'd him sore and twice did bleed,
So do what you may, at the voice of God,
You must join poor Dowley under the sod."

On a tombstone in Essex, England, are the following significant lines:

"Here lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife;
Their surname was Prichard,
They lived without strife;
And the reason was plain —
They abounded in riches,
They no care had, nor pain,
And the *wife wore the breeches.*"

THE following is from a tombstone in Newton, Mass., over the remains of Captain Thos. Prentice, who died in 1709:

"He that's here interr'd needs no versifying;
A virtuous life will keep the name from dying;
He'll live though poets cease their scribbling rhyme,
When that this stone shall moulder'd be by time."

IN Dorchester, Mass., the following stanzas are over the remains of two children (ABEL and SUBMIT) in one grave:

"*Abel,* his offering accepted is;
His body to the grave, his soul to bliss,
On October twenty and no more,
In the year sixteen hundred 44.

Submit, submitted to her heavenly king,
Being a flower of the eternal Spring;
Near 3 years old she died in heaven to wait,
The year was sixteen hundred 48."

A TOMBSTONE in England has this stanza:

"Here I lie: no wonder I'm dead,
For a broad-wheeled wagon went over my head.
Grim Death took me without a warning;
I was well at night and died in the morning."

REBECCA Freeland, who died at Edwalton, in 1741, has the following on her tombstone:

"She drank good ale, good punch, and wine,
And liv'd to the age of ninety-nine."

THE five next following are correct copies of Epitaphs found in a Churchyard at Bridport, Vermont:

"My time on earth is done you see,
For the great judge hath cal'd for me,
Whose call I'm ready to obey
And Launch into eternal day."

"And now away from me she's gone,
And never more for to return,
But I to her shall shortly go
And leave all earthly things below."

"Lovely in life, bewald in death,
A lingering summons call'd her breath
She is gone we hope to Glorious rest,
In G°d her Saveiour's image blest."

"My husband, friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care.
My son i'll never more see you,
Prepare to meet me there."

"Far from his family and holm and tears
of strangers awaited him to his grave."

MANY years ago the papers contained an account of the funeral of a Kentish miller. He left generous legacies to his executors, on condition that they should bury him under the mill and place the following lines, composed by himself, over his remains:

"Underneath this ancient mill,
Lies the body of poor Will.
Odd he lived and odd he died,
And at his funeral nobody cried;
Where he's gone and how he fares
Nobody knows and nobody cares."

A TOMBSTONE in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, bears the following inscription:

"Din, Dan, my Passing bell,
Fare you well my Mother
Burie me in my own churchyard
Beside my own dere Brother
When I die my Cofin is Black
With six Brite Angils on my back
tow to Sing and tow to pray
And tow to carry my Sole away."

On a tombstone at Montrose, Scotland, is the following, bearing date 1757:

"Here lyes the Bodeys of George Young and Isabel Guthrie, and all their posterity for more than fifty years."

Many years ago, there lived in the town of Ledyard, Conn., a man who had several times attempted to commit suicide. He finally died from the effects of disease. In due time a stone was erected to his memory, and on it was placed this plain and significant inscription:

"He died an honest death."

In the old Churchyard at Beturbet, Ireland, is the following:

"Here lies John Higley whose father and mother were drowned in their passage from America.
Had they both *lived, they would have been buried here.*"

The following Epitaph is upon an old toper buried in Durham Churchyard, England:

"Beneath these stones repose the bones
Of Theodosius Grimm,
He toak his beer from year to year,
And then his bier took him."

"JOHN WEBB,
Son of John and Mary Webb, Clothiers, who died of the measles, May 3d, 1646, aged 3 years.

How still he lies!
And clos'd his eyes,
That shone as bright as day!
The cruel measles,
Like *clothiers' teasles*
Have scratched his life away.
Cochineal red
His lips have fled,
Which now are *blue* and *black*
Dear pretty wretch,
How thy limbs *stretch,*
Like *cloth upon* the *rack.*
Repress thy sighs,
The husband cries,
My dear, and not repine,
For ten to one,
When God's work's done
He'll *come off superfine.*"

AT Aberdeen, Scotland, is the following stanza:

"Here lies I, Martin Elmrod;
Have mercy on my soul, gude God,
As I would have on thine gin I were God,
And thou wer't Martin Elmrod."

A MONUMENT in Horsley-Down Church, Cumberland, England, bears the following singular and admonitory inscription (1768):

"Here lie the bodies
Of THOMAS BOND and MARY his wife.
She was temperate, chaste, and charitable;
BUT
She was proud, peevish, and passionate.
She was an affectionate wife, and a tender mother;
BUT
Her husband and child, whom she loved,
Seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown,
Whilst she received visitors, whom she despised, with an endearing smile.
Her behaviour was discreet towards strangers;
BUT
Independent in her family.
Abroad, her conduct was influenced by good breeding;
BUT
At home, by ill temper.
She was a professed enemy to flattery,
And was seldom known to praise or commend;
BUT
The talents in which she principally excelled,
Were difference of opinion, and discovering flaws and imperfections.

She was an admirable economist,
And, without prodigality,
Dispensed plenty to every person in her family;

But

Would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing candle.
She sometimes made her husband happy with her good qualities;

But

Much more frequently miserable — with her many failings:
Insomuch that in thirty years cohabitation he often lamented
That maugre all her virtues,
He had not, in the whole, enjoyed two years of matrimonial comfort.

At Length

Finding that she had lost the affections of her husband,
As well as the regard of her neighbours,
Family disputes having been divulged by servants,
She died of vexation, July 20, 1768,
Aged 48 years.
Her worn out husband survived her four months and two days,
And departed this life, Nov. 28, 1768,
In the 54th year of his age.

William Bond, brother to the deceased, erected this stone,

As a *weekly monitor* to the surviving wives of
this parish,
That they may avoid the infamy
Of having their memories handed to posterity
With a PATCH WORK character."

A VERY old gravestone in Newburyport, Mass., has these words:

"A resurrection to immortality is here expected for what was mortal of the Reverend Mr. John Richardson, once fellow of Harvard College, afterwards teacher to the church of Newbury.
Put off April 7, 1676."

A SEA-Captain of Sag Harbor, Long Island, placed upon the tombstone of his third wife the following lines:

"Behold, ye living mortals passing by,
How thick the partners of one husband lie,
Vast and unsearchable the ways of God:
Just but severe his chastening rod."

It may be added that, notwithstanding the severity of the "chastening rod," the Captain put himself in a similar condition for discipline twice more.

JAMES Orr, weaver, thus celebrates his wife and children:

"Affliction sore with meekness long I bore,
Physicians were in vain,
Till God did please that Death should seize,
And eas'd me of that pain.
Here also lies 2 girls, 2 boys,
They were part of my earthly joys;
But life's a jest, and all things show it:
I once thought so, but now I know it."

THE following inscription on a headstone in the old burial ground in Quakers' Farms, Oxford, Conn., marks the death of a husband and three of his wives — a vacant niche being left for the name of the fourth spouse:

"

S. H.	M. H.	Z. H.	R. H
1741.	1774.	1806.	1786.

By this stone are deposited the remains
of CAPT. ZACHARIAH HAWKINS,
a worthy and respectable member of Society,
who in the 90th year of his age died in faith
and hope, June 27th, MDCCCVI.
He had 14 children, who all survived him,
2 grand-children, & 95 great-grand-children.

SARAH, his first wife, is buried in Derby —
by whom he had Sarah & Mercy.

—o—

MARY, his 2d wife, is buried 12 feet on the
left of this stone — by whom he had
Mary, John, Elizabeth, Elijah, Arma, Gaylord,
Ruth, Silas, Joseph, Moses,
& Isaac.

—o—

RACHEL, his 3d wife, lies close by this
on the left, by whom he had Zachariah.

—o—

LYDIA, his relict, and his sons
erect this Monument, their tribute
of gratitude, love, and honour."

AT Southrey, England, ob. 1638:

"JANE TYRRELL.

Here rests that just and pious Jane,
That ever hated all that's vayne;
Her zeal for God, made her desire
T 'have dyed a martyr in the fire;
Or into thousand pieces small,
Been cutt to honour God with all,
Her life right vertuous, modest, sober;
Ended the 7th day of October, 1638:
Her purest soul 'till the body rise,
Enjoys heaven's peace in paradise.
Her virtues hid from common sight,
Enforc'd her husband these to write."

In Ash Church, Kent, on a brass, a very unusual, if not singular, instance of the kind:

"J ohn Brooke of the parish of Ashe
O nly he is nowe gone.
H is days are past, his corps is lay'd
N ow under this marble stone.

B rookstrete he was the honor of
R ob'd now it is of name,
O nly because he had no sede
O r children to have the same;
K nowing that all must passe away,
E ven when God will, none can denay.

He passed to God in the yere of Grace
One thousand fyve hundredth ffower score and two it was,
The sixteenthe daye of January, I tell you playne,
The five and twentieth yere of Elizabeth rayne."

This is from a tombstone in a cemetery near Silver Lake, Washington County, N. Y.:

"Elizabeth McFadden,
Wife of David P. Reid,
Died Feb. 28, 1859,
in her 47th year.
She never done a thing to
displeas her Husband."

THE following singular inscription is from a tombstone in one of the central counties of England:

"Reader,
you would behold inscribed on this stone the
character of
a learned, skillful, and tender-hearted physician;
a warm friend
a devout Christian;
had not the person here deposited
by his last testament forbidden
anything more to be said of him than,
Here lieth —— ——,
who died on the 10th of Feb.,
in the year of our Lord,
1757;
of his age,
67."

AT St. Giles', Cripplegate, is the following, on

"GERVASE AIRE.

Under this marble fair,
Lies the body entomb'd of Gervase Aire:
He Dyd not of an ague fit,
Nor surfeited by too much wit.
Methinks this was a wondrous death,
That Aire should die for want of breath."

From a work on "Monuments and Monumental Inscriptions in Scotland," just published by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, historiographer to the Historical Society of Great Britain, we quote a few quaint inscriptions.

At Ancrum Moor, a monument commemorates "Maiden Lilliard," a young Scotchwoman who, at the battle of Ancrum (1545), distinguished herself by her extraordinary valor. The Epitaph proceeds thus:

"Fair Maiden Lilliard lies under this stane;
Little was her stature, but great was her fame;
Upon the English loons she laid mony thumps;
And when her legs were cuttit aff she fought upon
her stumps."

The following lines commemorate the wife of David Stewart, shoe-maker, who died April 11, 1803:

"For twenty years and eight I lived a maiden's life,
And five-and-thirty years I was a married wife;
And in that space of time eight children I did bear—
Four sons, four daughters, who ever lov'd most dear
Three of that number, as the Scriptures run,
Preach up the way to heaven, and hell to shun."

In the parish of Fenwick, is a stone to the memory of James White, who was shot to death by Peter Inglis and party in 1685:

"This martyr was by Peter Inglis shot,
By birth a tyger rather than a Scot,
Who that his monstrous extract might be seen,
Cut off his head and kickt it o'er the green.
Thus was that head which was to wear a crown
A foot-ball made by a profane dragoon."

This in remembrance of a clock-maker:

"Here lyes a man who all his mortal life
Past mending clocks, but cou'dna mend his wyfe;
The larum o' hys bell was ne'er sae shrill
As was her tongue, aye clacking like a mill.
But now he's gane — oh, whither nane can tell —
I hope beyond the soun' o' Matty's bell."

A HEADSTONE erected to the memory of rather a wicked youth, whose death was caused by being thrown from a horse, bears these lines:

"My friend, judge not me,
Thou see'st I judge not thee:
Betwixt the stirrup and the ground,
I mercy sought and mercy found."

THE six next following, it is said, were actually copied from tombstones in a Massachusetts Churchyard :

"John T——, Schoolmaster.
May he be punished as often as he punished us.
He was a hard old shell.
He said the Lord's Prayer every morning.
May the Lord forgive him, as often as he forgave us,
That was never.
We his scholars rear this stone over his ashes,
Though they are not worth it.
We are glad his reign is over,
Amen."

"This to the memory of Ellen Hill,
A woman who would always have her will.
She snubbed her husband, though she made good bread,
And on the whole he's rather glad she's dead.
She whipped her children (and she drank her gin),
Whipped virtue out, and whipped the devil in,
May all such women go to some great fold
Where they through all eternity can scold."

"Ebenezer Dockwood, aged forty-seven,
A miser and a hypocrite, never went to heaven."

"To the memory of Captain Barber, a staunch patriot, who fought and bled for his country, who was foremost in all the stormy deeds of his nation's history. Known to be a liberal man! but he was a glutton and a wine-bibber! drove his only son to sea and to ruin; killed his wife by his misdeeds, and died drunk in in his fifty-first year."

"Fair as the rose, when first it smiles,
On the green earth — her pretty wiles,
In childhood shadowed gentlest worth,
But oh how false all things of earth.
Sleep on nor wake, we pray you, Anne,
Your guile has ended many a man.
Coquette you lived, and flirt you died,
Death made you his unwilling bride."

"To the memory of Mary Gold,
Who was gold in nothing but her name.
She was a tolerable woman for an acquaintance
But O. H. himself couldn't live with her.
Her temper was furious,
Her tongue was vindictive,
She resented a look and frowned at a smile,
And was as sour as vinegar.
She punished the earth upwards of forty years,
To say nothing of her relations."

On the tombstone of a young lady who died in Lebanon, Conn., far from her home:

"As a stranger she did die,
In strange lands she doth lie
Here by strangers she was laid,
And her funeral charges paid."

The following lines are from a Churchyard in Wales:

"Under this stone lies Meredith Morgan,
Who blew the bellows of our church organ;
Tobacco he hated, to smoke most unwilling,
Yet never so pleased as when pipes he was filling;
No reflection on him for rude speech could be cast,
Though he made our old organ give many a blast;
No puffer was he, though a capital blower,
He could fill double G, and now lies a note lower."

An old tombstone — nearly two hundred years old — at Damariscotta, Maine, has these lines:

"Now Dad is dead and gone,
Dad left me here alone;
But hope in Christ I have,
That he and I will save."

An Epitaph over the grave of Jacob Weiser, at St. Paul's, London, who died in 1785, thus reads:

"Farewell vain world, I know enough of thee,
And now I'm careless what you say of me,
Your smiles I court not, nor your frowns I fear,
My cares are past, my head lies quiet here,
What faults you saw in me, take care and shun,
And look at home, enough there's to be done."

The following are from tombstones in New London County, Conn., commemorating soldiers who fell at Fort Griswold, in 1781:

"In Memory of M^{r} Simeon
Morgan who died Sep^{r} 6th
1781 in fort Griswould by trai
tor arnolds murdering Corps
in y^{e} 27th year of his Age.

This Blooming youth in
Sweets of life, his God
doth Call while Cannon
roar, a winged dart
doth sease his breath
& takes him from
this Golden Shore."

"In Memory of
Lieut Joseph Lewis who
died Sept^r 6th 1781 in fourt
Griswould by traitor Arnolds
murdering Corps in y^e 41st
year of his Age.

This gallant man when God
Doth call doth give his life
in freedom's cause; a sudden
dart doth wing away that
precious life that dwells
in Clay."

"In Memory of M^r
Asia Perkins who
was slain in fort Griswould
Sept^r 6th 1781 in y^e 33rd
year of his Age.

Ye British tyrants
that have Power
And butchers wet
With Human Gore
Judgement must come
And you will be
Rewarded for your
Cruelty."

"In Memory of M^r
Elisha Perkins who
fell a Sacrifice for his
Countrys Cause in that
horrible massacre at fort
Griswould Sep^t 6th
1781 in y^e 38 year
of his Age.

Kingdoms and States
Degenerates
Keep grace forever nigh
My blood hath stained the
british fame
for their humanity."

"In Memory of M^r
Thomas Minard he
fell a victom [to] Death
the 6th of Sept 1781
in y^e 30 year of
his Age.

My blood was spilt upon
the Earth, resigned my
breath, By relentless
inhuman foes I fell
a Sacrifice to Death."

"In Memory of M^r
Luke Perkins who
was slain at fort
Griswould Sep^t 6th
1781 in y^e 29th year
of his Age.

Ye sons of Liberty
be not Dismayd
That I have fell
a Sacrifice to Death
But oh to think how
will their debt be paid
Who murther^d me
when they are call^d
from Earth."

"In Memory of M^r
Benadam Allyn who died
Sep 6th 1781 In fort Griswould
by traitor arnolds murdering
Corps in y^e 20th year of his Age.

To future ages this shall
Tell This brave youth
in fort griswould fell
For amaricas Liberty
He fought & Blead
Alas he die^d."

"In Memory of Belton
Allyn son of Dea[n] Joſeph
Allyn who fell in fort
Griswould by traitor Ar
nolds corps Sep[r] 6 1781
in y[e] 17th year of his Age.

By Cruel rage of British
man this body[es] brought
to dust again But we
through faith do hope
this dust will riſe
in triumph with y[e] Just."

"In Memory of Cap[t] Si
meon Allyn who Died
Sep[r] 6 1781 in fort
Griswould with his Lieu[t]
Ens[n] and 13 soldiers by trai
ter arnolds murdering Corps
in y[e] 37th year of his Age.

By Gods decree my bounds
ware fixt the time y[e]
place though much confus[d]
the cause was good y[e]
means was vile. Snatch[d]
me from Charms of
Golden Life."

"Here lies y^e^ body of
M^r^ Eldredge Chester son of M^r^ Thomas
Chester who was wound-
ed in fort Griswold Sep^t^
6th 1781 and died of his wounds dec 31st in
y^e^ 24th year of his Age.

Relentless was my foe, Death's weapons through
me went, Fell by y^e^ Fatal blow, Lingered
till life was Spent."

"In Memory of
M^r^ Elnathan Perkins
who was slain at Fort
Griswould Sep 6th 1781
in the 64 year
of his Age.

Ye British Power that boasts aloud
of your Great Lenity
Behold my fate when at your feet
I and three Sons must Die."

"In Memory of
M^R^ Nicholas Starr
who was slain in Fort
Griswould Sep^tr^ 6 1781
in his 40th year.

O thou inveterate Foe
what is it thou hast done
thou struck the fatal blow
no mercy could be shown."

"In Memory of
Mr Henery Woodbridge
who was slain in Fort
Griswould Sept 6th 1781
in the 33d year
of his Age.

Will not a day of reckoning come
does not my blood for vengeance cry
how will those wretches bear their doom
who hast me Slain most Murderously."

"In Memory of
Mr Rufus Hurlbut
Who fell in the bloody
committed by Benedict Arnold's troops
Massacre at Fort Griswold
Septber the 6th 1781 in the 40th
year of his Age.

Reader consider how I fell
For Liberty I blead
Oh then repent ye Sons of hell
For the innocent blood you shead."

At Bristol, Conn.:

"Five hundred miles out to the west
'Tis there my body lies at rest,
Hoping when the Lord shall come,
To meet my friends who die at home."

An Epitaph found in a country Churchyard:

"Bene
AT.HT : his : S.T.
Oneli Eska
Thari Neg Rayc
Hang'd
F. R.
O! mab. V. Syli Fetol
If. Ele
ss cl
Ayb. ye ar
Than
Dcl—Ays
Hego
Therp. Elfa
N D
No. ws he 'stur
N'D toe art
Hh. ersel Fy
Ewee . . . Pin
Gfr. I . . EN
D.S. L.
Et mea D

VI.
Seab ate yo
VRG
Rie. Fan
DD
Ryy O ! V . . . Rey
Esf. or wh
ATA
Vai . . . . . L Saflo
O ! Doft Ears. W.
Hok no : Wsb.
Vt Ina Runo
Fy Ears
In. So . . . . Metall :
Pit . . . . C.
Hero . . R . . broa
DP.
Ans. He . . I
N. H.
Ers Hopma
Y. B.
E. Aga . . . . IN.

EXPLANATION.

Beneath this stone lies Katharine Gray,
Chang'd from a busy life to lifeless clay:
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
And now she's turned to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends — let me advise —
Abate your grief, and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears?
Who knows, but, in a run of years,
In some tall pitcher or broad pan
She in her shop may be again."

THE following, which is suggestive to coffee drinkers, is from a tombstone in Connecticut:

"Here lies cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute;
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anny Domini eighteen forty."

IN Westminster Abbey, London, over poet Gay:

"Life is a jest and all things
show it;
I thought so once but now
I know it"

LORD Rochester wrote the following Epitaph for Charles the Second:

"Here lies our sovereign lord and king,
Whose word no man relied on,
Who never said a foolish thing
And never did a wise one."

A HIGHLAND Epitaph reads thus:

"Here lies interred a man of micht,
His name is Malcom Downie,
He lost his life one market night,
By falling off his pownie."

AT Northampton, England, a tombstone has this stanza:

"Here lies the corpse of Susan Lee,
Who died of heartfelt pain,
Because she loved a faithless *he*,
Who loved her not again."

"Behold me here young splendid youth
The tale I tell is all the truth
Though you are young and may die soon
My morning sun did set at noon."

A DISCONSOLATE husband caused the following to be placed upon the tombstone of his deceased wife:

"I've lost the comfort of my life
Death came and took away my wife,
And now I don't know what to do
Lest death should come & take me too."

A NOTED pyrotechnist died a few years ago who, in the course of his travels, had been impressed by an inscription on the tombstone of the great musical composer, Purcell, which read as follows:

"He is gone where alone his
melodies can be exceeded."

Fired by an ambition to stand highest in *his own* profession in this world, he requested that on his tombstone might be written.

"He is gone where alone his
fireworks can be exceeded."

SAMUEL Beasley, the architect and dramatist, wrote his own Epitaph in these words:

"Here lies Samuel Beasley,
Who lived hard and died easily."

Job Orton, son of the inventor of Stilton cheese, an innkeeper at Kidderminster, put up a tombstone in the Churchyard there, inscribed:

"Job Orton, a man from Leicestershire,
When he dies he will be buried here."

He was a queer character altogether. While his wife yet lived to plague him, he wrote her Epitaph:

"Esther Orton, a bitter sour weed,
God never loved her nor increased her seed."

"A—— B——
Left Sunbury
And started for Paradise
June 25th 18—."

"To the memory of Doctor Polycarp Cushman, who died 15th December, A. D. 1797, Ætate 47.

Vain censorious beings little know
What they must soon experience here below.
Your lives are short, eternity is long,
O think of death, prepare & then be gone.
Thus art and nature's power and charms,
And drugs, receipts and forms
Yield all at last to greedy worms
A despicable prey."

On a tombstone at Chigwell, England:

"This disease, you ne'er heard tell on —
I died of eating too much mellon;
Be careful, then all you that feed — I
Suffered because I was too greedy."

On Long Island, in Belfast Bay, Maine, a gravestone bears the following stanzas:

"Farewell! my dear husband saith she,
Now from your kind bosom I *leap* —
To Jesus my Bridegroom to be —
My flesh in the tomb shall soon sleep.

Now like a disconsolate dove
I'm left all alone for to mourn
Oh! may the kind Saviour above,
Show pity to me while alone."

It is several years since the above was copied, and it is not known how long the "dove" remained alone.

At Fairfax, Vt., over the remains of a young man accidentally shot:

"O fatal gun, why was it him
That you should kill so dead?
Why did'nt you go off a little higher
And fire above his head?"

In Luton Churchyard, Bedfordshire, Eng., a tombstone has the following:

"Reader! I have left a world
In which I had much to do,
Sweating and fretting to get rich,
Just such a fool as you."

"I was well
Wished to be better
Took physic
Here I am."

At Sterling, Miss., is a gravestone with the following:

"As she on her bed of sickness lay,
Her friends stood weeping round,
She not a word to them could say,
No medicine could they get down."

"Beneath the gravel and these stones,
Lies poor Jack Tiffey's skin and bones;
His flesh, I oft have heard him say,
He hoped in time would make good hay;
Quoth I, 'How could that come to pass?'
And he replied, — 'All flesh is grass!' "

ON Dr. Stafford, a remarkably fat man:

"Take heed, O good traveller, and do not tread hard,
For here lies Dr. Stafford in all this churchyard."

THE following Epitaph, from the Churchyard at North Shields, England, has been the subject of much laughter on account of its absurdity:

"In memory of James Bell, of North Shields, who died 16th Jan., 1763, aged 42 years. Margaret, widow of the above said James Bell, died Dec. 30, aged 49 years. She was wife, after, to Wm. Fenwick of North Shields."

Under the above, the following lines had been written in pencil:

"As in the Scriptures it is said
No marriages in heaven are made,
It seems that Margaret's ghost did go
To Pluto's dreary realms below,
Where she, poor soul, not long had tarried,
Till her friend Will and her got married."

EPITAPH on a blind wood sawyer:

"While none ever saw him see
thousands have seen him saw."

THE four next following are from tombstones in Saratoga, N. Y., and vicinity:

"Here lies the wife of Robert Ricular
Who walked the way of God perpendicular."

"Gone to yon heavenly dome,
From sin and sorrow free,
How desolate our home
Since 'tis bereft of thee Sarah."

"Farewell dear wife my life is past,
I loved you whilst my life did last.
Weep not for me nor sorrow take,
But love my brother for my sake."

"She was a sister true and kind
While with us she could stay
God blest her with a loving mind
And then took her away."

THIS is from East Woodstock, Conn.:

"Dear babe weal weap for the no more,
For thou art now forever blest
The bitter pangs of death is ore
And Jesus smiles to see the rest."

ANOTHER old stone, with the name of Jacob Vedar, has this couplet:

"Here lies my father Dan
Who left three children to do the best they can."

A STONE, with a cut of an engine, has the following lines commemorating the death of an engineer, — caused by the explosion of his engine:

"My engine now lies cold and still,
No water does her boiler fill;
Wood affords it flame no more,
My days of usefulness are o'er."

"Here lie two babies, side by side:
Of *the* small-pox both *of* them died.
Their ages were sev*en* and nine —
Prepare to meet your God in time."

THE following is on the tombstone of a young man who was killed by lightning, — in Dover, Maine:

"The storm did rage, the wind did blow —
One flash of lightning laid him low —
His brother come, but oh! no sound —
Dead on the spot there he was found."

THE following is an inscription on a grave stone in the Willow Brook cemetery in East Hartford. We presume Serg't Barker was not so much "captivated" by the British as the tombstone represents:

"In Memory of Serg't Herman Barker, Jr., of Tolland — he was captivated by the British troops Sept. 15th, 1776, — Son to Mr. Herman Barker and Lois his Wife — he Died on his way home with the small-pox Jan. 21st, 1777, in the 29th year of his Age."

ELIHU Yale, the founder of Yale College, New Haven, Conn., was buried at Wrexham, Wales. His monument bears this inscription:

"Under this tomb lyes interr'd Elihu Yale of Place Gronow, Esq. born 5th April 1648 and dyed the 8th of July, 1721, aged 73 years.

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric travelled, and in Asia wed,
Where long he liv'd and thriv'd, in London died,
Much good, some ill, he did; so hope all's even,
And that his soul thro' mercy's gone to heaven.
You that survive and read, take care
For this most certain exit to prepare,
Where, blest in peace, the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the silent dust."

In Lydford Churchyard, near Dartmoor:

"Here lies, in horizontal position,
the outside Case of
George Routleigh, Watchmaker;
Integrity was the Mainspring, and prudence the Regulator,
of all the actions of his life.
Humane, generous, and liberal,
his Hand never stopped,
till he had relieved distress.
So nicely regulated were all his Motions,
that he never went wrong,
except when set a-going
by people
who did not know his Key:
Even then he was easily
set right again.
He had the art of disposing his time so well,
that his Hours kept running on
in a continual round of pleasure,
till an unlucky Minute put a stop to
his existence.
He departed this life Nov. 14, 1802, æt. 57,
in hopes of being taken in hand
by his Maker;
and of being thoroughly Cleaned, Repaired,
Wound up, and Set a-going
in the world to come."

From Thetford Churchyard, England:

"My grandfather was buried here,
My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear;
My father perished with inflammation in the thighs,
And my sister dropped down dead in the Minories:
But the reason why I'm here interred, according to
my thinking,
Is owing to my good living and hard drinking.
If, therefore, good Christians, you wish to live long,
Don't drink too much wine, brandy, gin, or anything
strong."

At Lauder, England:

"Alexander Thompson.

"Here lyes inter'd an honest man,
Who did this churchyard first lie in;
This monument shall make it known
That he was the first laid in this ground.
Of mason and of masonrie
He cutted stones right curiously.
To heaven we hope that he is gone,
Where Christ is the chief corner stone."

In St. Mary's Church, Nottingham:

"Luke xx. 36.

Sleep on in peace; await thy Maker's will;
Then rise unchanged, and be an angel still."

THE following warning and advisory lines are on the tombstone of a quack doctor:

"I was a quack and there are men who say
That in my time I physick'd lives away;
And that at length I by myself was slain
By my own drugs ta'en to relieve my pain.
The truth is, being troubled with a cough,
I like a fool consulted Dr. Gough;
Who physick'd me to death, at his own will,
Because he's licensed by the state to kill:
Had I but wisely taken my own physic
I never should have died of cold and 'tisick.
So all be warned, and when you catch a cold
Go to my son, by whom my medicine's sold."

AT Richmond, Yorkshire:

"Here lies the body of William Wix,
One Thousand, Seven Hundred and Sixty-Six."

FROM Litchfield, Conn., the following:

"Here lies the body of Mrs. Mary, wife of Deacon John Buel, Esq. She died Nov. 4, 1768, aged 90, — having had 13 Children, 101 Grand-Children, 247 Great-Grand-Children, and 49 Great-Great-Grand-Children; total 410. Three Hundred and Thirty Six survived her."

From Solyhull Churchyard, Warwickshire. The following Epitaph was written by a certain Rev. Dr. Greenwood on his wife, who died in childbirth. One hardly knows which to admire most, — the merit of the couplet wherein he celebrates her courage and magnanimity in preferring him to a lord or judge, or the sound advice with which he closes:

"Go, cruel Death, thou hast cut down
The fairest Greenwood in all this kingdom!
Her virtues and good qualities were such
That surely she deserved a lord or judge;
But her piety and humility
Made her prefer me, a Doctor in Divinity;
Which heroic action, joined to all the rest,
Made her to be esteemed the Phœnix of her sex;
And like that bird, a young she did create
To comfort those her loss had made disconsolate.
My grief for her was so sore
That I can only utter two lines more:
For this and all other good women's sake,
Never let blisters be applied to a lying-in woman's back."

At Norwich Cathedral:

"Sarah York this life did resigne
On May the 13th, '79."

EPITAPH of a resigned and submissive husband on his second wife:

"Here lies wife second of old Wing Rogers
She's safe from care and I from bothers!
If death had known thee as well as I,
He ne'er had stopped but passed thee by.
I wish him joy, but much I fear
He'll rue the day he came thee near."

AT Quincy, Mass. (1708):

"Braintree, thy prophet's gone; this tomb inters
The Rev. Moses Fiske his sacred herse.
Adore heaven's praiseful art, that formed the man,
Who souls, not to himself, but Christ oft won;
Sailed through the straits with Peter's family
Renowned, and Gaius' hospitality,
Paul's patience, James's prudence, John's sweet love,
Is landed, entered, cleared, and crowned above."

A TOMBSTONE in Milford, Connecticut, has the following stanza on a young lady who died in 1792, aged 24:

"Molly, tho' pleasant in her day,
Was sudd'nly seized and sent away.
How soon she's ripe, how soon she's rotten,
Laid in the grave and soon forgotten."

On the tombstone of Edward Cook, M. D., at St. Bartholomew the Great, are the following lines:

"Unsluice your briny flood; what, can you keep
Your eyes from tears and see the marble weep?
Burst out, for shame; or, if you find no vent
For tears, yet stay, and see the stones relent."

On John Adams, of Southwell, a carrier, who died of drunkenness:

"John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A carrier who carried his can to his mouth well;
He carried so much, and he carried so fast,
He could carry no more, so was carried at last;
For the liquor he drunk, being too much for one,
He could not carry off — so he's now *carri-on!*

The following inscription, on two Danish soldiers, is on an oval stone monument against the south wall of St. Mary's Church, Beverley, under two swords crossed:

"Here two young Danish souldiers lie.
The one in quarrell chanc'd to die;
The other's head, by their own law,
With sword was sever'd at one blow,
December the 23rd. 1689."

In Rudgwick Churchyard, England:

"Edward Haynes, M. D., ob. 1708:

Here lies the body of Cranley, Doctor Edward Haynes,
Who for to maintain his family spar'd not for pains;
To ride and to run, to give relief,
To those that were in pain, in grief.
He, the 30th of April, enter'd Death's strait gate,
In the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eight.
He left behind him when he left this life
Two likely sons and a loving wife;
And, about 36 weeks after,
His wife and relict was brought to bed with a dafter;
Which three we desire may live,
Not to beg, but to give.
His eldest son Edward, about six years and ten months old,
His youngest son, John, three, both dapper and bold.
Like to most mortals, to his business he was a slave,
Catched the small-pox and died, and lies here in his his grave."

At Selby, Yorkshire (1706), England:

"Here lies the body of poor Frank Row,
Parish clerk, and grave stone cutter.
And this is writ to let you know,
What Frank for others us'd to do,
Is now for Frank done by another."

The writer of the following Epitaph had an eye to business:

"Beneath this stone in hopes of Zion,
There lies the landlord of the Lion.
Resigned unto the heavenly will,
His son keeps on the business still."

On the tomb of Edward Courtenay, third Earl of Devon, in Tiverton Churchyard, is the following Epitaph. The Earl died in 1419:

"Hoe! hoe! who lies here?
I, the good Erle of Devonshire;
With Maud, my wife, to mee full dere,
We lyved togeather fyfty-fyve yere.
What wee gave, wee have;
What wee spent, wee had;
What wee left, wee lost."

At St. Cuthbert, Kildale, Yorkshire:

"Joseph Dunn.

"Here lyeth the body of Joseph Dunn, who dyed y^e^ 10th day of March, 1716, aged 82 years. He left to y^e^ poor of Kildale XXs., of Commondale XXs., of Danby XXs., of Westerdale Xs., *to be paid upon his gravestone* by equal portions, on y^e^ 1st day of May, and y^e^ 11th of November forever."

On an old stone in London, in memory of a noted merchant named Lambe, the following lines occur:

"O Lambe of God, who sin dost take away,
And like a Lambe was offered up for sin,
While I, poor Lambe, from out thy flock did stray,
Yet thou, good Lord, vouchsafe thy Lambe to win
Back to Thy fold, and hold thy Lambe therein.
That all the days which Lambes and goats shall sever,
Of thy choice Lambes, Lambe may be one forever."

At Wrexham:

"Here lies John Shore,
I say no more;
Who was alive
In sixty five."

The following lines may be found in a cemetery in Connecticut:

"'Tis child and tomb who from the womb
Reminds us of our death —
All's vanity, for we must die
And gone as in a breath —
Glory to God, the Lord of Hosts,
By Quakers, Friends and Holy Ghosts,
Let saints and angels all be blest,
Our souls ascend and bodies rest."

At Newton, England:

"Richard Blondevyle. Ob. 1490, æt. 85.
Ralph Blondevyle. Ob. 1514, æt. 45.
Edward Blondevyle. Ob. 1568, æt. 75.

Here lyes in Grave, nowe thre tymes done,
The Grandsire, Father, and the Sone,
Theyr Names, theyr Age, and when they dyed,
Above theyr Headds is specyfyed,
Theyr Sheyld of Arms, doth eke declare,
The Stocke with whom they marched were,
They lyved well, and died as well,
And nowe with God in Heaven they dwell,
And thear do prayse hys holy Name.
God grant that we may do the same."

The following touching Epitaph is from a Churchyard in Pennsylvania, commemorating alike the grief of the widow and the gluttony of the deceased:

"Eliza, sorrowing, rears this marble slab
To her dear John, who died of eating crab."

At Norwich Cathedral:

"Here lies the body of honest Tom Page,
Who died in the 33d year of his age."

In Dartmouth Churchyard, England, is the following, bearing date 1714:

"Thomas Goldsmith,

Commander of the Snap-dragon, a privateer, in the reigne of Queen Anne. In which vessel he turned pyrate, and amassed much riches.

Men that are virtuous fear the lord
And the devil's by his friends adored;
And as they merit, get a place,
Amidst the blest, or hellish race:
Prey then, ye learned clergy show
Where can this brute, Tom Goldsmith, go;
Whose life was one continued evil,
Striving to cheat God, man, and devil."

On the tombstone of one Palmer, in a Kentish Churchyard, England, are the following lines:

"Palmers all our fathers were;
I, a Palmer lived here,
And traveyled sore, till worn with age,
I ended this world's pilgrimage,
On the blest Ascension Day
In the cheerful month of May,
One thousand with three hundred seven,
And took my journey hence to Heaven."

At Stepney (1683):

"Whoever treadeth on this stone,
I pray you tread most neatly;
For underneath the same doth lie
Your honest friend, Will Wheatly."

William Shakespeare died April 23, 1616, æt. 52, and was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford. The monument erected to his memory represents the poet with a thoughtful countenance, resting on a cushion and in the act of writing. On a tablet underneath are inscribed these lines:

"Stay, passenger: why dost thou go so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath placed
Within this monument, — Shakespeare; with whom
Quick Nature died; whose name doth deck the tomb
Far more than cost; since all that he hath writ
Leaves living Art but page to serve his wit:"

and on the flat stone covering the grave, is inscribed, in very irregular characters, the following quaint supplication, blessing, and menace:

"Good Friend, for Jesvs sake forbeare
To digg t-e dvst EncloAsed HERE;
Blest be t-e Man $\frac{T}{Y}$ spares t-hs stones,
And cvrst be He $\frac{T}{Y}$ moves my bones."

We cannot give the location of the two following, but they are said to be authentic:

"Sister, mother, aunt and me
Were run over. Here we be.
We should have had no time to missle,
Had they blown the engine's whistle."

"Weep, stranger, for a father spilled
From a stage coach, and thereby killed.
His name, J. Sykes, a maker of sassengers,
Slain with three other outside passengers."

In Lavenham Church, Norfolk; ob. 1534:

"Continuall prayse these lynes in brass
Of Allaine Dister here,
A Clothier vertuous whyle he was
In Lavenham many a yeare;
For as in lyfe he loved best
The poore to clothe and feede,
Soe with the riche and alle the reste
He neighbourlie agreed;
And did appoint before he died,
A spiall* yearlie rent,
Which should be every Whitsontide
Amonge the poorest spent."

*Special.

A TOMBSTONE in St. Alphage Churchyard, Canterbury, England, bearing the name of "Agnes Halke who died A. D. 1502," has this stanza:

"In this churchyard was so her chance,
First after the hallowing of the same,
Afore all others to begin the dance,
Which to all others is the loth game."

Agnes Halke, it appears, was the first person interred in St. Alphage Churchyard, and so, in a figurative sense, she led the "Dance of Death," which to all is the "loth" game.

AT St. Paul's, Bedford:

"PATIENCE, WIFE OF SHADRACH JOHNSON.
The mother of 24 children and died in childbed, June 6, 1717, aged 38 years.

Shadrach! Shadrach!
The Lord granted unto thee
PATIENCE,
Who laboured long and *patiently*
In her vocation;
But her *patience* being exhausted
She departed in the midst of her labour
Ætat. 38.
May she rest from her labours!"

In the church of Ightham, near Seven Oaks, Kent, is a mural monument, with the bust of a lady who was famous for her needlework, and was traditionally reported to have written the letter to Lord Monteagle which resulted in the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. The following is the inscription:

"D. D. D.

To the pretious name and honour of Dame Dorothy
Selby, Relict of
Sir William Selby, Kt. the only daughter and heire
of Charles Bonham, Esq.

She was a Dorcas,
Whose curious needle wound the abused stage
Of this leud world into the golden age;
Whose pen of steel and silken inck enrolled
The acts of Jonah in records of gold;
Whose arte disclosed that plot, which had it taken,
Rome had triumphed, and Britain's walls had shaken.

She was
In heart a Lydia, and in tongue a Hanna;
In zeale a Ruth, in wedlock a Susanna;
Prudently simple, providently wary,
To the world a Martha, and to heaven a Mary.

Who put on { in the year } Pilgrimage, 69.
immortality { of her } Redeemer. 1614."

A CORRESPONDENT of the "*New York Mail*" thus writes from Margate, England:

"Strolling through the grassy 'God's acre' outside of the church, my eye caught the simple headstone which one hundred and twenty years ago was erected to the memory of Richard Joy, 'the strong man of Kent,' who, in the year 1699, exhibited his muscular powers before William of Orange and the English court, and whose achievements included the breaking of a rope capable of resisting a strain of 35 cwt., and the lifting a load weighing upwards of a ton. The following is the inscription on the gravestone:

'RICHARD JOY,
Died 18th May, 1842.
Aged 67.

Herculean hero! fam'd for strength,
At last lies here his Breadth and Length;
See how the Mighty Man is fall'n,
To Death ye Strong and Weak are all one,
And the same Judgment doth befall
Goliah Great as David Small.'

It is said that this English Samson, after ceasing to exhibit his physical powers, engaged in maritime pursuits. These 'maritime pursuits' included smuggling; and in attempting to baffle the revenue officers he was drowned."

THE following is from a tombstone in an old graveyard of a western city:

"My son, thou hast gone to sleep
In the far distant West,
Thy friends, they do for you weep
Who reside at the East."

AT Farnaw, near Naworth Castle, England, a tombstone bears these lines:

'John Bell broken-brow
Lies under this stean;
Foure of mine een sonnes
Laid it on my wean.
I was a man of my meate,
Master of my wife;
I lived on my own land
Without micle strife."

THE following, which we take from "*Appleton's Journal*," will explain itself:

"TO THE EDITOR OF APPLETON'S JOURNAL:

Some forty years ago I spent some months in the then small town of Brooklyn. To help pass away the time, I, with a few friends, occasionally visited Duflon's Military Garden, situated at the turn of Fulton street, where we

amused ourselves in rolling ninepins. Immediately in the rear of the alley was an old, dilapidated burying-ground, in which, while waiting my turn to play, I sometimes strolled and amused myself in reading the epitaphs. There was one large gravestone fallen from its high estate and cracked, on which was an epitaph so remarkable that I copied it *verbatim*, *literatim*, *et punctuatim*. Feeling somewhat curious about its origin, I made inquiry of an old resident of the town, and learned from him that, about the date given in the epitaph, there made his appearance in Brooklyn a German who called himself the 'Rainwater Doctor,' and professed with that fluid alone to cure all the diseases which flesh is heir to. Under his care, some wonderful cures were performed, and his reputation spread abroad in the surrounding country, so that the roads were crowded with people in carriages, on horseback, and foot, wending their way to Brooklyn, seeking relief at his hands. He would not receive any pay for his services. The person whose epitaph I have copied was the first that died under the doctor's care; and, so distressed was the doctor at the event, that he buried the defunct and

erected the tombstone at his own expense, and himself wrote the epitaph. The doctor was a German, and probably did not very well understand the English language, and composed the epitaph in German; and, with the aid of a dictionary, translated it literally into English.

I was in Brooklyn not long since, and, although I hunted for, could not find anything of the old graveyard, nor of the gravestone. I think such a curious production as this epitaph should be preserved, and know no better way of doing so than by putting it in your very valuable journal. I therefore send you the copy which I made at the first time I saw the epitaph, and hope you will hand it down to posterity,

Very respectfully, SAMUEL HORTON.

THE EPITAPH.

'In the mournful instances of human frailty concording to demonstrate the destiny; also as a baneful occurrence of both, and of an unshaken resolution and usual disappointment: here lies the no more animated and wasting remains of Apollos Nickol, born in Smithtown, April 11, 1776, the 14th of the same month 1811 departed and delivered up to the elementary menstruum of dissolution, nought, Resurrection,

Ascension; Conspicuous example of an unavoidable fate, who after his having been tired of experiencing eight months of various diseases in expectation to find alleviation to his painful existence started in quest of relief: and firm in his resolution notwithstanding an inconsiderable distance contended three weeks in the road against the progressive obstacles of his perilous situation. Losing his design, to reach a dwelling which, his delusive confidence had flattered himself to find alleviance, the end of his distress and complicated misery, but unfortunately found the one of his days accelerated by his bold attempt, and both his strangury dropsical state, and the strenuous motion of the last vehicle which conveyed him to the one by whom he eagerly expected to be alleviated and receive his existence prolongation, but vain hope! soon aborted! subject likewise to asthmatical affection by a sudden violent paroxism, effect of the combusted system stimulating the accumulated aqueous mass out of its recess, and which completely obstructing the airy passage speedily produced suffocation, and that fatally, this incident terminated the earthly career, in putting a period to the painful life of the suffering, venturing afflicted; sorrowful consequences which insuperably has condemned the one he so considerably entrusted with his corporeal repair, to become of his disaster passive spectator, instead of a desirous benefactor; predetermined in the witness which initially and

peremptorily was to sustain the view of such sinister catastrophe, the inexorable parthees manifected to only have afforded to their destined victim enough of vital faculty for reaching the spot whereupon the minute's residue of the last hour was to be exhausted, and for implacably having after the final thread was cut off: to memorize such a dismal event, the concern it has caused the unaccustomed beholder, may this cold stone relating the particulars be of a consolitory nature, for the surviving consort and relatives of the deceased and help them to be in their privation resigned to the unalterable supreme will, and with fortitude submit to the execution of its irrevocable decree.' "

THE following is taken from a tombstone at Port Kent, in the Adirondacks, New York:

"Sally T—— lies here and that's enough,
The candle's out and so's the *snuff;*
Her soul's with God you need not fear,
And what remains lies interred here."

A TOMBSTONE in Texas has the following inscription:

"He remained to the last a decided friend and supporter of Democratic principles and measures. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

THE following singular Epitaph is on a monument erected in 1735, at Wainfleet, Lincolnshire, England:

"Near this place
lye the remains
of Edward Barkham Esq.
Who in his life time at his own expense
Erected the stately altar piece in this church;
Furnished the communion table
With a very rich crimson velvet carpet,
a cushion of the same, & a beautiful Common
Prayer-book;
Likewise with two large flagons,
a chalice with a cover, together with a paten,
All of silver plate.
But above all (& what may very justly
preserve his name to latest posterity)
he gave and devised by will
To the curate of Wainfleet St. Mary's and his
successor for ever
The sum of 35*l. per ann.* (over and above his former
salary)
with this clause, *viz.*
'provided the said curate and his successors
do and shall read prayers and preach
once every Sunday in the year forever.'

So extraordinary an instance of securing a veneration
for the most awful part of our religion,
And so rare and uncommon a zeal
For promoting God's worship every Lord's Day
(Divine service being performed aforetime only every
other Sunday)
Forget not reader to proclaim to the world
that men in power and authority
induced hereby to copy after so great an original,
may strive to excel each other
in doing likewise."

THIS is from Houff, England:

"Robert Straitoun, apothecary, caused this monument to be erected and cut for himself and his dearest wives, Jonet Duncan and Isobel Robertson.

On righthand Duncan lies, in youth my spouse,
And the first pillar of my rising house;
Lefthand lies Hobson, a most faithful wife:
Which was the best it may procure a strife.
First brought to me of wealth sufficient store,
Which th' other guided well, augmented more;
First blessed me with many children fair,
The second nurst them with maternal care;
Virtue and goodness in them equal shone,
And both lie buryd underneath this stone."

THE following, which is certainly quite unique, is an accurate copy from a tombstone in Dover, N. H.:

"Repository
of
Husband & Wife.
Joseph Hartwell, Inanimated
Apr. 7, 1867, Æt. 68
Betsy Hartwell, Inanimated
Dec. 7, 1862, Æt. 68

The following embraces a period of 41 years. In all of our relations in life toward each other there has been naught but one continuation of fidelity and loving kindness. We have never participated or countenanced in others secretly or otherwise that which was calculated to subjugate the masses of the people to the dictation of the few. And now we will return to our Common Mother, with our Individualities in life unimpair'd, to pass through together the ordeal of earth's chemical Laboratory preparatory to recuperation.

Her last exclamations.

If you should be taken away, I could not survive you. How happy we have lived together. Oh how you will miss me — Think not Mr. Hartwell I like you the less for being in the position you are in. No it only strengthens my affections. To those who have made professions of friendship and have then falsified them by living acts, PASS ON."

In Roxbury, Conn., an old gravestone a few years ago had the following:

"In Memory of
Col. Seth Warner, esq.,
Who departed this life December 26th, A. D. 1784,
In the forty-second year of his age.

Triumphant leader at our armies' head,
Whose martial glory struck a panic dread,
Thy warlike deeds engraven on this stone,
Tell future ages what a hero 's done,
Full sixteen battles he did fight
For to procure his country's right.
Oh! this brave hero, he did fall
By death, who ever conquers all.
When this you see remember me."

The following is from a grave-yard in Newtown, Penn.:

"Here lies the body of William Evans, who departed this life, September the 29th, 1734, aged 52 years.

My : pilgrim : race : I : ran : a pace
My : resting : place is here :
This : stone : is : got : to : keep y^e^ spot—
That men dig not too near."

It is to be hoped that the object aimed at in the erection of the above was fully secured.

THE following is from a Churchyard in Wiltshire, England:

"Beneath this stone his own dear child,
Whose gone from we
For evermore into eternity,
Where we do hope we shall go to he
But him can never more come back to we."

IN 1827, Rev. Elnathan Gridley, missionary, died at Cesarea. He was a physician as well as clergyman. A native Greek, Abraham by name, accompanied Mr. Gridley as teacher and attendant, and through his efforts, Mr. Gridley's grave was covered with a block of stone in which a marble slab was inserted, with appropriate inscriptions in English, Greek, and Turkish. They are as follows — the second having been translated from the Greek, and the last from the Turkish, by Abraham —:

"REV. ELNATHAN GRIDLEY, AMERICAN Missionary from the United States, Born in Farmington of Connecticut, 31 years and 55 days old 27 Sept. 1827.

[From the Greek.]

Here lies Elnathan Gridley, full of every virtue,
Physician, divine Herald, and wise, very learned;
A shining star of the new world, which, with a
great speed,
Arose from the West and set in the East.

—o—

[From the Turkish.]

Perfect, wise, well instructed Physician, and meek
Herald of the Gospel,
Travelling the world, here I finished the great
journey,
In this tomb they confined me, the stranger called
Gridley,
Farewell, then, hereafter, all frivolous care."

An old gravestone on Long Island has the following:

"In memory of
Michal, wife of Nath'l Tuthill,
who died Feb. 15, 1756.
Beneath this little stone
Does my beloved lie,
O pity, pity me, whoever passeth by;
And spend a tear at least,
Or else a tear let fall, on my
Sweet blooming rose, whom
God so soon did call."

In St. Bride's, Fleet street, London:

"On William and Elizabeth Wever.

Under this stone *William Wever* doth ly.
Cityzon, and *Elizabeth* his wyf hym by.
He died the viij and she the vij day of September,
Leving *Geffrey*, *Mary*, and *Ellin*, thar children as I remember.
Whos sowls God receyve to favor and pease,
Wyth joyes to lyve that nevyr sal cease. 1409."

The following is a copy, *verbatim et literatim*, from a stone in Windsor, Conn.:

"Here Rests ye Last Remains of Mr. Alexander McKinstry ye Kind husband tender Parent Dutiful Son affectionate Brother Faithful Friend Generous Master compassionate and obliging Neighbor ye unhappy hous looks Desolate & Mourns & Every Door Groans doalful as it turns Ye Pillers Languish and each Silent Wall in Grief lament Ye Masters Fall. who departed this life Novem: ye 9, 1759 in ye 30th Year of his Age."

A BOOK entitled "Memorable Characteristics, etc.," published in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1754, has the following quaint Epitaph on Rev. John McClellan, written by himself a short time before his death. He was minister at Kircudbright from 1638 till 1650:

"Come, stingless death, have o'er! Lo, here's my pass
In blood charactered, by his hand who was
And is and shall be. Jordan, cut thy stream,
Make channels dry! I bear my Father's name
Stamped on my brow. I am ravished with my
crown, —
I shine so bright! Down with all glory, down,
That world can give. I see the pearly port.
The golden street, the blessed soul's resort,
The tree of life, floods gushing from the throne,
Call me to joys. Begone, short woes, begone!
I lived to die, but now I die to live.
I do enjoy more than I did believe.
The Promise me into possession sends,
Faith in fruition, Hope in having ends."

FROM an interesting work entitled "The Topographical and Historical Description of Boston," by N. B. Shurtleff, Esq., we take the following, which were copied from old burying grounds in Boston and vicinity:

On a stone to the memory of Charles Wyman, who died in 1785:

"Beneath these clods of silent dust,
I sleep where all ye living must,
The gayest youth and fairest face
In time must be in this dark place."

"In memory of
BETSEY,
Wife of David Darling
died March 23d, 1809, *Æ.* 43.
She was the Mother of 17 *Children, and around her lies* 12 *of them, and* 2 *were lost at sea.*
Brother Sextons
please to leave a clear birth for me
near by this stone."

"Here lyes ye Body of
Mrs. Ammey Hunt wife of
Mr. Benjamin Hunt
Who died Nov. 26th, 1769,
Aged 40 years.
A sister of Sarah Lucus lieth here,
Whom I did Love most Dear,
And now her Soul hath took its Flight
And bid her Spightful Foes good Night."

On a circular brass plate, under a fine figure of a priest, in St. Peter's Church, at St. Alban's, England:

"lo al y^t j sp't y^t su' tyme had i
al y^t i gaf j g'd e ie't y^t n^o w haf I
y^t I night gaf ne let y^t now abie I
y^t y kepe til I w'et yt lost y."

In full it would read as follows:

Lo all that e'er I spent that sometime had I;
All that I gave in good intent that now have I;
That I neither gave nor lent that now abide I;
That I kept till I went that lost I."

The following is taken from a tombstone in Watertown, Mass.:

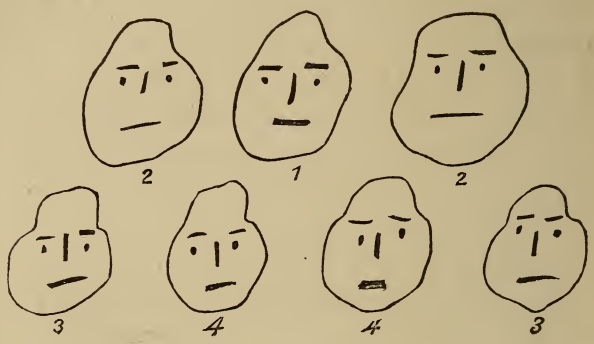
"Here lies the precious dust of

Thomas Bailey,	A most desirable neighbor,
A painful preacher,	A pleasant companion,
An eminent liver,	A common good,
A tender husband,	A cheerful doer,
A careful father,	A patient sufferer,
A brother in adversity,	Lived much in little time.
A faithful friend,	

A good copy for all survivors.

Aged 35 years.

He slept in Jesus the 21st of January, 1688."



"In memory of Urial, first son of Mr. Edmun & Mrs. Lydia Bradley, who died Sept. 20th, A. D. 1788. Also of three pair of twins, who died, A. D. 1788 | 89, & 1793 | 94.

See death remove the eldest son,
Just as the family begin;
And three pair of twins in a short space
To quicken us in the Christian race."

THE above, with the illustrations, were copied from a stone in an old burying-ground in East Haven, Conn., and tradition says that "Mrs. Lydia Bradley" was the mother of 16 children.

THE following is from a tombstone in New Milford, Conn.:

"Rest here, my body, till the Archangel's voice more sonorous far than nine fold thunder, wakes the sleeping dead; then rise to thy just sphere and be my house immortal. Composed by the
deceased Partridge Thacher Esq."

THE two next following come from an old burying-ground in Dorchester, Mass.:

"HERE-LIETH-BURIED-E-BODY-OF
MR.-WILLIAM-POOLE,-AGED-81-YEARS
WHO-DIED-YE-25TH-OF-FEBRUARY-IN
YE-YERE 1674.

Ye-epitaph-of-William-Pole-which-hee-himself-make
while-he-was-yet-living-in-remembrance-of-his-own
death-&-left-it-to-be-ingraven-on-his-tomb-yt-so
being-dead-he-might-warn-posterity-or-a-resemblance
of-a-dead-man-bespeaking-ye-reader.
Ho-passenger-'tis-worth-thy-pains-too-stay
&-take-a-dead-mans-lesson-by-ye-way
J-was-what-now-thou-art-&-thou-shalt be
What-J-am-now-what-oods-twixt-me-&-thee
Now-go-thy-way-bvt-stay-take-on-word-more
Thy-staf-for-ought-thou-knowest-stands-ye-next-dore
Death-in-ye-dore-yea-dore-of-Heaven-or-Hell
Be-warned-be-armed-believe-repent-fairewell."

THE following lines are on the head-stone of an old man who had performed the duties of Sexton many years:

"This grave was dug and finished
in the year 1833
by
DANIEL DAVENPORT
when he had been Sexton
in Dorchester
twenty-seven years,
had attended 1135 funerals,
and dug 734 graves.

As sexton with my spade I learned
To delve beneath the sod;
Where body to the earth returned,
But spirit to its God.
Years twenty-seven this toil I bore,
And midst deaths oft was spared.
Seven hundred graves and thirty-four I dug
Then mine prepared.
And when at last I too must die
Some else the bell will toll;
As here my mortal relics lie,
May heaven receive my soul."

Mr. Davenport lived till 1860, and performed the duties of Sexton until 1852.

At Oviedo, in Spain, at the entrance of the Church of San Salvador, is a monument erected by a Prince named Silo, on which is a curious Latin inscription, which may be read nearly three hundred different ways by beginning with the capital S as below:

"Silo Princeps Fecit.

T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T
I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I
C E F S P E C N I R I N C E P S F E C
E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E
F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F
S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S
P E C N I R P O L I L O P R I N C E P
E C N I R P O L I S I L O P R I N C E
P E C N I R P O L I L O P R I N C E P
S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S
F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F
E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E
C E F S P E C N I R I N C E P S F E C
I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I
T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T ."

On the tomb are inscribed these letters:

"H. S. E. S. S. T. T. L."

Which are the initials of the following Latin words:

"Hic situs est Silo, sit tibi terra levis."

[Here lies Silo. May the earth lie lightly upon him.]

At Saffron Walden, England, is the following to the memory of Thomas Holden, who died in 1511:

"Have mercy good Lord on the soul of *Thomas Holden,*
That hit may rest wyth God good neyghbors say Amen.
He gave the new organs whereon hys name is set;
For bycause only yee should not hym forget;
In your good preyers: to God he took hys wey,
On thowsand fyve hundryd and elevin, in Novembyr the fourth dey."

At the Churchyard in Bolsover, England, is a stone to the memory of Charles Cavendish, who died in 1617, bearing these lines:

"Sonnes seeke not me among those polish'd stones,
These only hide part of my flesh and bones,
Which did they ne're so neate, or proudly dwell,
Will all be dust and may not make me swell.
Let such as justly have out-liv'd all prayse,
Trust in the Tombes their carefull Frends do raise,
I made my life my Monument, and yours,
To which there's no Materiall that endures.
Nor yet Inscription like it. Write but that,
And teach your Nephews it to emulate.
I will be matter loude inough to tell
Not when I died, but how I liv'd. Farewell."

THE following is from Salisbury, Conn.:

"The man is gone!

MR. SAMUEL MOORE, the eminent Mathematician, died Feb. 20th, 1810, Æ 75. His LIFE and SERVICES!!! *these* the Monument, this marble but the Tablet. Say then, He liv'd to benefit Mankind. Sway'd not by trifles, But by Science led, As Land-Surveyor. So like in all things, Like correct, This is the best image of the man.

Our Fathers rest from their toils."

A CHURCHYARD in Wiltshire, England, has the following to the memory of John and Alice Browning:

"Death in a very good old age
Ended our weary pilgrim stage,
It was to *we* a end of pain,
In hopes to enter life again."

A GRAVESTONE in Lyons, N. Y., has this inscription:

"Last ray of departed Hope! Thou didst leave this world of sin and sorrow while thy Father was far away and thy sainted Mother in Heaven. But the Father of thy dear departed Mother did see that thy obsequies were properly performed."

THE general inscription for those who fell at Thermopylae was:

"Four thousand from Peloponnesus once fought on this spot with three hundred myriads."

And that which was special to the Spartans was still more memorable:

"Stranger, go tell the Lacedemonians that we lie here obedient to their commands."

ON Thomas Boxer:

"This ston his sacread to the memory of poer old Muster Thomas Boxer, who was loste in the good boate Rouver, just coming home with much fishes, got near Torbay, in the yeare of hour Lord 1722.

Prey, goud fishermen, stop and drop a tear,
For we hav lost his company *here;*
And where he's gone we cannot tell,
But we hope far from the wicked Bell.*
The Lord be with him."

A FRENCHMAN placed upon his mother's tombstone:

"La premiere au rendezvous." †

* Public house, probably.

† First at the rendezvous.

In Hadley Churchyard, Suffolk, England, is the following:

"To free me from domestic strife,
Death called at my house, but he
Spoke with my wife.
Susan, wife of David Patterson, lies here,
Oct. 19, 1706.
Stop reader, and if not in a hurry shed a tear."

The following lines are on an old slab to the memory of Dea. Wm. Paddy, who died in 1658:

"HEAR . SLEAPS . THAT
BLESSED . ONE . WHOES . LIEF
GOD . HELP . VS . ALL . TO . LIVE
THAT . SO . WHEN . TIEM . SHALL . BE
THAT . WE . THIS . WORLD . MUST . LIUE
WE . EVER . MORE . MAY . BE . HAPPY
WITH . BLESSED . WILLIAM . PADDY."

The following lines, on the tombstone of a young woman accidentally drowned, Dec. 24, 1696, may be found in St. Mary's Churchyard, York, England:

"Nigh to the River Ouse, in York's fair city,
Unto this pretty maid Death showed no pity;
As soon as she'd her pail with water filled,
Came sudden Death, and Life like water spilled."

THE ancient burying-ground in New London, Conn., had a gravestone on which were the following lines:

"An epitaph on Captaine Richard Lord, deceased May 17, 1662. Ætatis svæ 51.

. . . . BRIGHT STARRE OF OVR CHIVALLRIE LYES HERE
TO THE STATE A COVNSILLOVR FVLL DEARE
AND TO Y^E TRVTH A FRIEND OF SWEETE CONTENT
TO HARTFORD TOWNE A SILVER ORNAMENT
WHO CAN DENY TO POORE HE WAS RELEIFE
AND IN COMPOSING PAROXYIES HE WAS CHEIFE
TO MARCHANTES AS A PATTERNE HE MIGHT STAND
ADVENTRING DANGERS NEW BY SEA AND LAND."

COUNT De Tania, who had enjoyed every form of temporal prosperity, caused "Tandem felix" * to be inscribed on his monument.

A TOMBSTONE in Pittsfield, Mass., has these lines:

"When you my friends are passing by,
And this informs you where I lie,
Remember you ere long must have,
Like me, a mansion in the grave.
Also 3 infants, 2 sons and a daughter."

* Happy at last.

THE following, from a burying-ground in Windsor, Conn, is said to be the oldest inscription on any monument in the State:

"HEERE LYETH EPHRAIM HVIT, SOMETIMES TEACHER TO YE CHURCH OF WINDSOR, WHO DIED SEPTEMBER 4TH, 1644.
WHO WHEN HEE LIVED WEE DREW OVR VITALL BREATH,
WHO WHEN HEE DYED HIS DYING WAS OVR DEATH,
WHO WAS YE STAY OF STATE, YE CHVRCHES STAFF
ALAS, THE TIMES FORBID AN EPITAPH."

IN the town of Windsor, Me., on a point of land formed by the junction of the Kennebec and Sebasticook rivers, is a burial-ground in which may be found a gravestone with the following inscription:

"Here lies the body of Richard Thomas,
an inglishman by birth.
a Whig of '76.
By occupation a cooper
Now food for worms.
Like an old rum puncheon
marked numbered and shooked.
He will be raised again
and finished by his creator.
He died Sept. 28 1824; aged 75.

America my adopted country
My best advice to you is this
take care of your liberties."

In the Churchyard at Patcham, England, over the grave of one who was shot while in the act of smuggling goods, is a stone with this inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of
Daniel Scales,
who was unfortunately shot, on Tuesday evening
Nov. 7, 1796.
Alas, swift flew the fatal lead,
Which pierced through the young man's head.
He instant fell, resigned his breath,
And closed his languid eyes in death.
And you who to this stone draw near,
Oh! pray let fall the pitying tear.
From this sad instance may we all
Prepare to meet Jehovah's call."

"Here lies Anderson, Provost of Dundee,
Here lies Him, here lies He
Hallelujah, Hallelujee!
A. B. C. D. E. F. G."

We take the following amusing account of the origin of the above Epitaph from "Recreations of a Country Parson,"—an English work re-published in this country by Fields, Osgood & Co.:

"It is recorded in history that a certain Mr.

Anderson, who filled the dignified office of Provost of Dundee, died, as even provosts must. It was resolved that a monument should be erected to his memory, and that the inscription upon it should be the joint composition of four of his surviving colleagues in the magistracy. They met to prepare an Epitaph; and, after much consideration, it was resolved that it should be a rhymed stanza of four lines, of which each magistrate should contribute one.

The senior produced the following:

'Here lies Anderson, Provost of Dundee.'

The second magistrate, feeling that the idea was worth following, gave as his line:

'Here lies Him, here lies He.'

The third magistrate felt that the foundation had thus been substantially laid down, and that the time had come to erect upon it a superstructure of reflection, inference, or exclamation. With the simplicity of genius, he wrote as follows:

'Hallelujah, Hallelujee!'

The Epitaph being thus, as it were, rounded and complete, the fourth contributor found himself in a difficulty. What should he do?

He would fall back on the earliest recollections of his youth—he would recur to the very fount and origin of all human knowledge. Seizing his pen, he wrote thus.

'A. B. C. D. E. F. G.'

The Town council bestowed a vote of thanks upon the authors, and caused the stanza to be engraven on the worthy provost's monument. I have not myself read it, but am assured it is in existence."

The following is from a sailor's tombstone at Gibraltar:

"Behold poor Lambly, by a fatal blow,
Deprived of life, and sent to shades below.
He was a sailor, and a good one too,
And oft, Britannia, has he fought for you.
But now, his days of fighting are all o'er,
And he is sailing to some peaceful shore;
Nor will the jolly tar start tack or sheet
Until he joins the grand celestial fleet,
Who lay at anchor in a glorious Bay,
Waiting for the Resurrection Day.
When the Lord High Admiral of the fleet shall call
All hands to muster, good & bad & all,
In Heaven's great log-book may it then appear
That this poor seaman kept his reckoning clear."

A COUNTRY Churchyard in Ayrshire, Scotland, has a gravestone with the following singular inscription:

"Wha is it that's lying here?—
Robin Wood, ye need na speer.*
Eh Robin, is this you?
Ou aye, but I'm deid noo!"

IN an old graveyard in Massachusetts, may be seen on a small marble headstone, which stands over the grave of an insane man, who died by his own hand, the following inscription:

"*Memento mori.*
Sacred to the memory of Mr. D—— B——,
Born ———. Died ———.
Whose last dying words were,
'To the war.'
Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.
Sweet Jesus was resigned to his Father's will,
And so was he who lies here still."

The "last dying words" were found upon a piece of paper, on which the crazy man had been scribbling just before he committed the fatal act.

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* Ask.

In 1718, at Stanton-Harcourt, some 9 miles from Oxford, England, two lovers, who were at work in the harvest-field, were instantly killed by lightning, — only a few days previous to their intended marriage. Pope, who had spent two summers at Stanton-Harcourt at about the time of this calamity, wrote the following Epitaph, which was engraved upon a tablet in the parish church:

"Near this place lie the bodies
of John Hewitt and Sarah Drew,
An industrious young man
And virtuous young maiden of this parish;
who, being at harvest-work
(with several others),
Were in one instant killed by lightning,
The last day of July, 1718.

Think not, by rigorous judgment seized,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleased,
And snatched them in eternal fire.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate;
When God calls victims to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.

Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball."

At Banbury Churchyard, Oxfordshire, England, is the following:

"To the memory of Ric. Richards, who by a gangrene first lost a toe, afterwards a leg, and lastly his life, on the 7th of April, 1656.

Ah! cruel death to make three meals of one!
To taste, and eat, and eat till all was gone,
But know, thou tyrant! when the trump shall call,
He'll find his feet, and stand when thou shalt fall."

The four next following are all accurate copies from gravestones in the town of Vernon, Vermont:

"Memento Mori.

Here lies cut down like unripe Fruit
A Son of Mr. Amos Tute—
And Mrs. Jemima Tute his Wife,—
Called Jonathan of whose frail Life
The Days all summed how short the Account
Scarcely to fourteen years amount
Born on the Twelfth of May was He
In Seventeen Hundred Sixty-Three
To Death he fell a helpless Prey
April the Five and Twentieth Day
In Seventeen Hundred Seventy-Seven
Quitting this world we hope for Heaven
But tho his Spirits fled on High

His Body mouldering here must lie—
Behold the amazing alteration
Effected by Innoculation—
The means improved his Life to Save
Hurried him headlong to the grave.
Full in the Bloom of Youth he fell.
Alas What human Tongue can tell
The Mothers grief her anguish shew
Or paint the Fathers heavier woe
Who now no natural offspring has
His ample Fortune to possess
To fill his place Stand in his Stead
or bear his name when he is dead
So God ordained His ways are just
Tho Empires Crumble in the Dust
Life and the World mere Bubbles are
Let loose to those for Heaven prepare.

Mrs. Jemima Tute

Successively Relict of Messrs. William Phipps, Caleb Howe and Amos Tute. The two first were killed by the Indians

Phipps July 5th A. D. 1743
Howe June 27th A. D. 1755

When Howe was Killed She and her children
Then Seven in number
Were carried into Captivity
The Oldest a Daughter went to France

And was married to a French Gentleman
The youngest was torn from her Breast
And perished with hunger
By the aid of some benevolent Gent'n
And her own personal Heroism
She recovered the Rest.
She had two by her last Husband
Outlived both him and them
And died March 7th 1805 aged 82
Having passed thro more vicisitudes
And endured more hardships
Than any of her cotemporaries.

No more can Savage Foes annoy
Nor aught her wide-spread fame destroy.

In memory of
Mr. Amos Tute
Who died April 17th
1790 in the 60th year of his
age.

Were I so tall to Reach the Pole
Or grasp the Ocean with my Span
I must be measured by my Soul
The mind's the Standard of the man.

The unfortunate Miranda
Daughter of John and Ruth Bridgman,
Whose remains are here interred,
Fell a Prey to the Flames
That consumed her Fathers House
On ye 11th of June 1797
Aged 28.

The room below flamed liked a Stove
And cross for those who slept above
She ventured on the trembling floor
It Fell. She sunk and rose no more.

At St. Mary Key, Ipswich, ob. 1643, æt. 3:

"On William Hasilwood.
The Hasel nut oft Children crops
God Haselwood in Childhood lopps
Then Parent yield, God says hee's mine,
And took him hence, say not hee's thine."

At St. Mary Key, Ipswich, ob. 1614, æt. 92.

"On John Warner.
I Warner once was to myself
Now Warning am to thee
Both living, dying, dead I was,
See then thou warned be."

THE following is from a cemetery in Newburyport, Mass.:

"Death hath decomposed him and at the general resurrection Christ will re-compose him when perception and thought shall resume their several functions and he shall become identically the same person, which deity composed him and shall be happy or miserable according to his dispositions.

As falls the tree so man shall fall asleep
And dormant lie till judgment's final doom
When Christ shall raise him from the general heap
And break the magic of the hungry tomb."

THE following we take from the "Springfield Republican":

"The 'first blood of the Revolution' has been commonly supposed to have been shed at Lexington, April 19, 1775, but Westminster, Vt., files a prior claim in favor of one William French, who, it is asserted, was killed on the night of March 13, 1775, at the king's court-house in what is now Westminster. At that time, Vermont was a part of New York, and the king's court officers, together with a body of troops, were sent on to Westminster to hold the usual session of the court. The people,

however, were exasperated, and assembled in the court-house to resist. A little before midnight, the troops of George the Third advanced and fired indiscriminately upon the crowd, instantly killing William French, whose head was pierced by a musket ball. He was buried in the churchyard, and a stone erected to his memory, with this quaint inscription:

'In Memory of William French Who Was Shot at Westminster March ye 12th, 1775, by the hand of the Cruel Ministeral tools of Georg ye 3rd at the Court-house at a 11 o'clock at Night in the 22d year of his age.

Here William French his Body lies
For Murder his Blood for Vengence Cries.
King Georg the third his Tory crew
tha with a bawl his head Shot threw.
For Liberty and his Countrys Good
he Lost his Life his Dearest blood.'"

THIS was copied from a gravestone in Eng.:

"Here lies buried in this tomb
A constant sufferer from salt rheum;
Which finally in truth did pass
To spotted erysipelas;
A husband brave, a father true,
Here he lies, and so must you."

THE following is from Beddington Church, in Surrey, England:

"ON THOMAS GREENHILL:
Mors super *virides montes.*

Thomas Greenhill born and bredd in the famous university of Oxon, Bachelor of Arts, and sometimes Student of Magd. Coll. Steward to the noble Knight Sir Nic[s] Carew, of Beddington, who deceased Sept. 17, 1624.

Under thy feet interr'd is here
A native born in Oxfordshire;
First life and learning Oxford gave;
Surry him his death and grave:
He once a *Hill* was fresh and *Greene*
Now withered is not to be seene;
Earth in earth shovell'd up is shut,
A *Hill* into a *Hole* is put;
But darksome earth by Power Divine,
Bright at last as the sun may shine."

A DISCARDED lover, who committed suicide, left the following lines for his tombstone:

"Touch not this stone with pick or spade,
For here it is that I am laid;
'Tis here I was by Cupid smitten,
'Tis here I first received the mitten;
And whether I did wrong or right,
I left this world Miss Blake to spite."

This is from the head-stone of a Block Island sea captain who had been engaged in the fishing business:

"He's done a-catching cod
And gone to meet his God."

In Eversham Churchyard, in Oxfordshire, England, is the following:

To ye memory of her dear husband, Mr. John Green, gent, 1652:

"Stay, reader, drop upon this stone
One pitying tear, and then begone!
A handsome pile of flesh and blood
Is here sunk down to its first mud;
Which thus in Western rubbish lies,
Until the Eastern Star shall rise."

The following expressive Epitaph was on a tombstone in Doncaster, England, bearing date 1579:

"What I spent, I had,
What I gave, I have,
What I saved I lost."

In Rishangles churchyard, Suffolk, England, on the tombstone of a youth, are the following lines :

"A youth of real worth lies buried here,
Who had but just attained his 17th year,
Yet in that time such wisdom had he shown,
That death mistook 17 for 71."

In Thornham churchyard, England, are the following significant lines :

"If drugs and physic could but save
Us mortals from the dreary grave,
'Tis known that I took full enough
Of the Apothecary's stuff,
To have prolonged life's busy feast
To a full century at least;
But spite of all the doctor's skill,
Of daily draught and nightly pill,
Reader, as sure as you are alive,
I was sent here at twenty-five."

The following is from Kensington churchyard, England :

"Here are deposited the remains of Mrs. Ann Floyer, the beloved wife of Mr. Richard Floyer, of Thistle Grove, in this parish, died on Thursday the 8th of May, 1823.

"*God hath chosen her as a pattern for the other Angels.*"

In the churchyard of Aliscombe, Devonshire, is the following:

"Here lie the remains of James Pady, *brickmaker*, late of this parish, in hopes that his *clay* will be re-moulded in a workmanlike manner, far superior to his former perishable materials.

Keep death and judgment always in your *eye*,
Or else the devil off with you will fly,
And in his *kiln* with brimstone ever fry;
If you neglect the narrow road to seek,
Christ will reject you like a *half-burnt brick*.

This from a stone recently erected in a cemetery in Hartford county, Conn.:

God sent His messenger death,
And called me suddenly from earth away;
Ere I had time to bid my fond wife good-bye.
I hope that she for me will pray,
That we may meet in Heaven some day.

A tombstone in Warrington, England, to the memory of an engineer, has these lines:

"My *engine* now is cold and still:
No *water* does my *boiler* fill;
My coke affords its *flame* no more;
My days of usefulness are o'er.

"My *wheels* deny their noted speed;
No more my *guiding hand* they heed;
My *whistle,* too, has lost its tone:
Its shrilling sounds are gone.

"My *valves* are now thrown open wide
My *flanges* all refuse to guide;
My *clacks* also, though once so strong,
Refuse to aid the busy throng.

"No more I feel each urging breath—
My steam is now condensed in death.
Life's railway's o'er, each station's past—
In death I'm stopped and rest at last.
Farewell, dear friends, and cease to weep
In Christ I'm safe, in Him I sleep."

A WIDOW in Portsmouth, England, caused the following lines to be placed on the tombstone of her husband:

"Here lies Jemmy Little, a carpenter, industrious,
A very good natured man but somewhat blusterous.
When that his little wife his authority withstood,
He took a little stick and bang'd her as he would
His wife now left alone, her loss does so deplore,
She wishes Jemmy back to bang her a little more;
For now he's dead and gone this fault appears so small,
A little thing would make her think it was no fault at all."

In a churchyard in Cornish, England, may be seen the following:

"In this ere graave ee zee bevore ee,
Is berred up a desmal stoery.
A young maiden she wor crost in love
And tooken to the realms above.
But he that crost her I shud say
Desarves to go the toyther way."

In Pine Hill Cemetery, East Taunton, Mass., is a stone bearing the following:

In memory of Mr. David Dean, who died July 2, 1783, in ye 27th year of his age.

"Nine feet in height upon a stage,
Active in health, in bloom of age;
But suddenly the stage gave way,
He falls, he dies, here ends his day."

It is said the house is now standing near the Plain school house, upon which the staging was erected, from which the above catastrophe occurred.

A tombstone in New Hampshire has this inscription:

"Sacred to the memory
of three twins of —"

AMONG the remarkable inscriptions which illustrate the virtues of the living and the dead, the quiet graveyard at Hamilton Square, N. J., contains the following:

IN MEMORY OF

Who departed this life Feb., 1843,
aged 4 years and 4 days.

The boiling coffee did on me fall,
And by it I was slain.
But Christ has bought my liberty,
And in him I'll rise again.

THESE lines are from a tombstone in Essex, England:

"Weep not for me my husband dear,
Keep it in mind that I lies here,
And have compassion on the nine
Motherless children I left behind."

A tombstone in Connecticut has the following:

"Sweet is the memory of the dead
While sleeping on his dusty bed;
His body sleeps in silence where
No glimmering sun can enter there.

The following is an accurate copy of an inscription on a tombstone in San Francisco, California:

"Erected
by
Terrence Riley,

In memory of John McPherson, native of
Co. Downs, Ireland, aged 70 yrs.

"Our bodies in this churchyard lie
"Our spirits fled to God
"Pray christians for the souls of those
"That lie beneath this sod,
"And when we reach the promised land
"You'll not neglected be
"We'll ne'er forget our faithful friends
"Oh! do remember We.

At Islington, ob. 1808, æt. 27:

"Elizabeth Emma Thomas.
She had no fault save what travellers give the moon:
Her light was lovely, but she died too soon."

THE two next following were found in a newspaper published about the year 1800. The first was from the tombstone of Mrs. Elizabeth Pidgeon, who died suddenly:

"Weep, reader, the sad tidings here announced!
Death, that fell Kite, on Betty Pidgeon pounced,
Yet though her sudden flight our grief demands,
Hers is the Pidgeon house not made with hands;
For in her life the Serpent's wisdom shone,
And the Dove's innocency was her own.
Then, till Heaven wakes to happiness the soul,
Rest, gentle Pidgeon, in this Pidgeon hole."

THE next was evidently from the tombstone of one who was not held in high esteem:

"Here lies the vile dust of the sinfulest wretch,
That ever the Devil delayed to fetch;
But the reader will grant it was needless he should
When he saw him a coming as quick as he could."

AT Fosbroke, Northumberland, a stone bears these lines:

Here lieth Matthew Hollingshead,
Who died from cold caught in his head.
It brought on fever and rheumatis,
Which ended me,—for here I is.

In the old burying-ground at Upham's Corner, Dorchester, Mass., can be found the most ancient tombstone inscriptions in the United States, those at Jamestown, Va., alone excepted. The three next following are from this ground:

How great a Blessing this Ruling Elder he,
Unto this Church and Town & Pastors Three?
MATHER he first did by him Help receive,
FLINT he did next his Burthen much relieve!
Renowned DANFORTH did he assist with skill.
Esteemed High by all: Bear Fruit untill
Yielding to Death his Glorious Seat did Fill.

How very few like me survive,
And reach the age of eighty-five;
Long time I trod this vale of tears,
Till bending with a weight of years,
I calmly sunk into the grave,
Trusting Almighty power to save.

A Woman well belov'd of all
her neighbors; for her care of small
Folks education; their number being great,
that when she dy'd she scarcely left her mate.
So Wise, Discreet, was her behaviours.
She liv'd in love with all to dye.
So let her rest to Eternity.

In the churchyard of East Hucknell, Derbyshire, England, are the following lines in memory of one of the park keepers of the Duke of Devonshire:

"My gun's discharged,
My ball is gone,
My powder's spent,
My work is done.
Those panting deer
I've left behind
May now have time
To gain the wind,
Since I, who oft have
Chased them o'er
The verdant plains,
Am now no more."

In the churchyard of Cheltenham is the following:

"Here lies the body of Molly Dickie, the wife of Hall Dickie, tailor.

Two great physicians first
My loving husband tried,
To cure my pain—
In vain,
At last he got a third,
And then I died."

THE following is from a tombstone in the Dissenters' cemetery near Bushill Fields:

"Here lyeth
The Body of Nicholas Latimer, Glover,
Who departed this Life the
25th day of April, 1677,
and in the 70th Year of his Life.
He was poor Widows' advocate,
And many pounds for them he gote,
Which he them gave without fail:
His loss therefore they much bewail."

THE following is an accurate copy of an inscription upon a gravestone in Hartford County, Conn.:

"To perpetuate the remembrance of one who, while living, was a resplendent ornament to humanity. His afflicted surviving relatives have erected this monument as a votive offering to his peaceful remains."

IN St. Sepulchre's church, London, a monument bears the following expressive and quaint inscription:—

"To the living memory of his deceased friend Capt John Smith, some time Governor of Virginia and Ad-

miral of New England, who departed this life the 21st of June, 1631.

Accordiamus, vincere est vivere.

Here lies one conquered, that hath conquered kings,
Subdued large territories, and done things
Which to the world impossible would seem,
But that the truth is held in more esteem.
Shall I report his former service done,
In honor of his God and Christendom?
How that he did divide from Pagans three
Their heads and lives, types of his chivalry;
For which great service in that climate done,
Brave Sigismundus (King of Hungarion)
Did give him as a coat of arms to wear
Those conquered heads got by his sword and spear?
Or shall I tell of his adventures, since
Done in Virginia, that large continent?
How that he subdued kings unto his yoke,
And made those heathen flee as wind doth smoke;
And made this land, being of so large a station
A habitation for our Christian nation,
Where God is glorified, their wants supplied,
Which for necessaries, might have died?
But what avails his conquest, now he lies
Interred in earth, a prey to worms and flies?
O may his soul in sweet Elysium sleep,
Until the keeper, that all souls doth keep
Return to judgment; and that after thence,
With angels he may have his recompense."

A letter from Yazoo City, Miss., to the St. Louis *Republican*, gives the following tombstone inscription, found in the cemetery near that place:

"Here lies interred, Priscilla Bird,
Who sang on earth till sixty-two,
Now up on high above the sky,
No doubt she sings like sixty, too.

THE National Baptist gives the following as the epitaph on the grave of an eminent Baptist divine and an especial authority in casuistry, the Rev. Levi Philetus Dobbs, D. D.:

"Put away the steel-bowed glasses
That the Doctor used to wear;
He no longer needs their assis-
tance, he's climbed the golden stair."

WHILE our soldiers were on Ship Island a poor colored man, who had been a slave, died, and the head board at his grave bore the following:

"This poor old slave has gone to rest,
We know that he is free,
Disturb him not but let him sleep
Way down on Ship Islee."

A CEMETERY near Philadelphia has a stone on which is the following:

"In memory of Henry Wang, son of his Father and Mother, John and Maria Wang. Died Dec. 31st, 1829, aged 1-2 hour. The first deposit of this yard.

A short-lived joy
Was our little boy.
He has gone on high
So don't you cry."

ON a tombstone at Little Stukely, in Huntingdonshire, England, is the following:

"Sacred to the memory of the
Rev. Joshua Waterhouse, B. D.,
Nearly forty years fellow of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, Chaplain to his Majesty, Rector of this Parish, and of Coton, near Cambridge, who was inhumanly murdered *in this Parsonage House*, about 10 o'clock on the morning of July 3rd, 1827. Aged 81.

Beneath this tomb his mangled body's laid,
Cut, stabbed and murder'd by Joshua Slade,
His ghastly wounds a horrid sight to see,
And hurl'd at once into eternity.

What faults you've seen in him take care to shun,
And look at home,—enough there's to be done;
Death does not always warning give,
Therefore be careful how you live."

At Evansburg, Montgomery County, Penn., in the graveyard near St. Mary's Church, and on the left hand side as you enter the enclosure, an old stone thus chronicles an affliction to the Bean family in the loss of their son Jesse:—

"Stop reader! stop! for friendship claims a tear,
A mother's favorite son, her Bean lies buried here."

This from Yarmouth (England) churchyard:

"To the memory of George Griffiths, of the *Shropshire* Militia, who died Feb. 26th, 1807, in consequence of a blow received in a quarrel with his comrade.

Time flies away as nature on its wing.
I in a battle died (not for my King.)
Words with my brother soldier did take place,
Which shameful is, and always brings disgrace.
Think not the worse of him who do remain,
For he as well as I might have been slain."

At Jovington, Sussex, ob. 1808, æt. 13 and 7:

"Samuel and John Purland.
Parents dear, weep not for we
Though we were drowned in the Sea
'Twas God that did ordain it so;
And when he calls we all must go."

THE following quaint epitaph, copied from a monument in the porch of St. Peter's Church, Wolverhampton, England, appears in an English journal:

"Near this place lies Charles Claudius Philips, whose absolute contempt of riches and inimitable performances on the violin made him the admiration of all who knew him. He was born in Wales, made the tour of Europe, and after an experience of both kinds of fortune, died in 1732.

"Exalted soul, thy various sounds could please
The lovesick Virgin, and the Gouty Ease;
Could jarring crowds like old Amphion move
To beauteous order and harmonious love;
Here rest in peace till Angels bid thee rise,
And join thy Saviour's concert in the skies."

"ROBERT SLEATH. Ob. 1805.

He kept the turnpike-gate at Worcester, and demanded toll from His Majesty, on his visit to Bishop Hurd, from this circumstance he was ever after called, 'the man who stopped the King.'

On Wednesday last old Robert Sleath
Passed through the turnpike-gate of Death.
To him would Death no toll abate,
Who stopped the King at Wor'ster gate."

At Islington:

"John Webster. Ob. 1809, æt. 8.
(Killed by a cart wheel going over his head.)
Ye little children that survey,
The emblemed wheel that crush'd me down,
Be cautious, as you careless play,
For shafts of death fly thick around.
Still rapid drives the car of time,
Whose wheels one day shall crush you all;
The cold low bed that now is mine,
Will soon be that of great and small."

A correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* furnished that paper with the five next following, which, he says, he copied from tombstones mostly in England:

Sensitive to the last:

"Araminta Taylor (how do we regret her!)
Departed this life for a state much better;
She was gentle and lovely and not over bold,
But her age is a thing that remains untold;
She grew younger and younger as years passed away,
Then a cypher became, while nought went to decay.
The poor foolish creature, hating to grow old,
Has gone now, praise God! where years are untold;
And there may she revel, a venerable sage,
With no one to bother her by asking her age."

On a drummer:

"Tom Clark was a drummer, who went to the war,
And was killed by a bullet, and his soul sent for;
There were no friends to mourn him, for his virtues were rare,
He died like a man, and like a Christian bear."

On a patriot:

"Here lies a soldier, under this stone.
Stop, passer-by, and heave a groan;
Groan, did I say? No, hurrah! for he is happy I ween,
Singing Hail Columbia, Yankee Doodle and God Save the Queen,
In the land of glory, where he has become by this time a cherubim. Amen."

A RARE specimen:

"My wifey has left me, she's gone up on high,
She was thoughtful while dying, and said, 'Tom, don't cry.'
She was a great beauty, so every one knows,
With Hebe-like features and fine Roman nose;
She played the piany, and was learning a ballad,
When she sickened and die-did from eating veal salad."

On a harpist:

"Mary Somers was with us but twenty short years;
She departed this life 'mid a torrent of tears;
She was a fine musician, and played well on the
harp—
So thought the angels who floated by in the dark;
They wanted a harpist to join their good band,
So seized her, and flew to a far better land."

A precocious child:

"Alas! why should I cry to-day
For one who could no longer stay?
My darling Hannah!
This child could read, and write, and spell,
Could say her 'Tables' very well,
And play her ma's Piana.
God bless my little Hannah!
Who plays now Heaven's Piana."

The following epitaph, now first in print in this country, was copied by a clergyman from a monument on the *outside* of the churchyard wall at Hadiscoe, Norfolk, England (*Harper's Monthly*):

"Here lies Will Salter, honest man—
Deny it, envy, if you can;

True to his business and his trust,
Always punctual, always just;
His horses, could they speak, would tell
They loved their good old master well.
His up-hill work is chiefly done,
His stage is ended, race is run.
One journey yet remaineth still,
To climb up Zion's Holy Hill,
And, now his faults are all forgiven,
Elijah-like, drive up to heaven,
Take the reward of all his pains,
And leave to other hands the reins.

WILLIAM SALTER,
YARMOUTH STAGE-COACHMAN,
DIED OCTOBER 9, 1776,
AGED 59 YEARS."

THE four next following were copied from tombstones in an old burying ground in Antrim, N. Hampshire:

The first is on an infant who died in 1800:

" The first born falls, in infancy or age,
Though hero, beauty, idiot or sage.
'Tis fate dispenses death's all piercing darts
Through infant innocence or harder hearts."

And this in 1791:

Fresh in ye morn ye summer rose
Hangs withered ere its noon,
We scarce enjoy ye balmy gift
But mourn ye pleasure gon.

And this in 1814:

O blooming youth, how strong the ties,
'Tis our greatest hopes that soonest dies.
What shall we hope, what shall we have,
Since all is hast'ning to the grave;
Mourn not for me or departed friends,
Since more substantial things depends;
Love God, receive an hundred fold,
And eternal joys untold.

The following is dated in 1786:

Down in the Tomb my sprightly limbs I lay,
My active members mingle with ye clay;
Yet God is just who claims my vital Breath,
And dooms my Flesh to rot beneath ye earth;
Then think on Death, serve Christ without delay,
And don't forget this debt which you must pay.
The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the Day,
For Death stands ready at the Door,
To seize our Lives away.

THE following is an accurate copy from a tombstone in New London County, Conn.:

"Parents, sisters, brothers dear,
Now I am gone and left you here,
You used to *set* and hear me sing
And play upon my seraphine,
But now I sing the heavenly song
With all the holy blood washed throng."

AN OLD BURYING-GROUND.

BY REV. J. W. CHICKERING, D. D.

On the 19th of April, 1775, the British troops, closely followed by the heroes of Lexington and Concord, passed by the foot of a long ridge in the latter village, on which, even then, was an ancient burial place.

It still remains, seldom used, but not neglected, with well-worn paths leading to some noted graves. It is essentially unchanged for the last generation, during the growth and improvement of the pleasant old town, many of whose honored dead it holds.

I will not moralize, though it is a suggestive place to stand in and look down on the busy streets which memory repeoples with the venerated ancestors—one of them a hero of the

"Concord fight," who, "sixty years since," so often kindly welcomed the little grandchild.

But, in the character of Scott's "Old Mortality," I will bring to light a few of the old inscriptions.

One is on white marble, as follows:

This stone is designed by its durability to perpetuate
the memory, and by its color to represent
the moral character of
ABIGAIL DUDLEY,
who died April, 1814,
aged 73.

Another commemorates a little girl of 11,

"Excellent for her reading and soberness."

What a pen picture, at a single stroke, of a prim and proper little maiden. Few such now-a-days.

The most remarkable inscription, deserving to be reprinted every few years, is that over the grave of a slave who died just a century ago. It is as follows:

God wills us free.
Man wills us slaves.
I will as God wills.
God's will be done.

HERE LIES THE BODY OF
JOHN JACK,
a native of Africa, who died in March, 1773,
aged about 60.
Though born in a land of slavery,
He was born free.
Though he lived in a land of liberty,
He lived a slave,
'Till by his honest tho' stolen labors
He acquired the source of slavery,
Which gave him his freedom
Tho' not long before Death, the grand tyrant
Gave him his final emancipation,
And set him on a footing with kings.

—

Though a slave to vice
He practised those virtues
Without which kings are but slaves.

The author of this unique specimen of antithesis is unknown. But it certainly displays no little talent, and proves that the writer had thought deeply upon the anomalous system whose entire overthrow within a century he could hardly have anticipated.

Would that all the ancient graveyards in our unancient country were as carefully kept, and the most noticeable epitaphs renewed, as this last has evidently been, on fresh stones, before becoming illegible.

THE following is an accurate copy of an inscription on a tombstone in "Bunhill Field" churchyard, London:

"Dame Mary Page.
In sixty-seven months
She was tapped 66 times
Had taken away 240 gallons of water
Without ever repining at her case
Or ever fearing the operation."

IT is possible—barely possible—though we doubt it, that two epitaphs more extraordinary than the two following can be found. They are English, and now for the first time appear in American type (*Harper's Monthly*):

"ELIZABETH,
the Wife of Richard Barklamb,
passed to Eternity on Sunday, 21st May, 1797,
in the 71st year of her age.
RICHARD BARKLAMB,
the Anti-spouse Uxorious,
was interred here 27th January, 1806,
in his 84th year.
WILLIAM BARKLAMB,
Brother to the preceding.
September 5th, 1799, aged 68 years.

When terrestrial all in chaos shall exhibit effervesence,
Then celestial virtues with their full, effulgent, brilliant essence,
Shall with beaming beauteous radiance through the ebullition shine,
Transcending to glorious regions, beatifical, sublime;
Then human power absorbed, deficient to delineate such effulgent lasting sparks,
Where honest plebeians ever will have precedence over ambiguous great monarchs.

—

Mike was in tempur and in sole sinsere
Ann Husband tendur and a fathur deere
He was a fathur kind
And modist was his mind
A great blessin to a umman
Never mor was givn
Nor a greeter loss eksept the loss of heavn."

In a cemetery near Lake Champlain, in Vermont, a stone bears these significant lines:

"A woman's care
So numerous are
A man can never know
Three children fair
She left in care
Of him in whom she trusted on."

THE churchyard in Enfield, England, has a tombstone with the following inscription, to the memory of one who had been surveyor to the New River Company:

"Here lies John White, who day by day
On river works did use much clay,
Is now himself turning that way.
If not to clay, yet dust will come,
Which to preserve takes little room,
Although inclosed in this great tomb."

A CHURCHYARD near Salisbury, England, has a stone with the following:

"On Richard Button, Esq.
Oh! Sun, Moon, Stars, and ye Celestial Poles,
Are graves then dwindled into Button Holes!"

IN a marble yard in Hartford, Conn., a grave-stone was recently completed bearing these lines:

"When all of you this stone you see,
And think of the two who lieth here,
That we was once the same as ye now be,
When turn ye away and leave us here
But remember that in time you must die
And turn to dust as well as I."

On a brass plate in the church of Aughton, England, are these lines:

"Jesus Salvator.
My ancestors have been interred here above 380 years,
This to me by ancient evidence appears;
Which that all may know and none do offer wrong,
It is ten feet and one inch broad, and four yards and
a half long. Amen.
Richard Mossock, 1686,
God save the King to the greate glory of God."

The following, which has become quite famous, was written by Benjamin Franklin for his own tomb:

"The Body
of
Benjamin Franklin, Printer,
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding,)
Lies here food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will (as he believed) appear once more
in a new
and more beautiful Edition,
Corrected and Amended
By
The Author."

A TOMBSTONE in New Haven has these lines:

"She was a beloved wife, and an affectionate Mother; and their loss is her gain."

IN an old burying-ground in Hartford, a stone bears these lines:

"Now she is dead she cannot stay,
And from her cheek doth fade the rose,
Which of us next shall follow her,
The Lord Almighty only knows."

THE six next following are to be found in the cemetery at Amherst, Mass.:

1808.

"To all my aged friends
Though health & robust
Are totering round the grave
& soon must turn to dust."

1783.

"Death is a debt
To Nature due
Which I have paid
And so must you."

1812.

"My children dear, this place draw near,
A mother's grave you see;
Not long ago I was with you,
And soon you'll be with me."

1814.

"Some weeping friends may drop a tear
On these dry bones & say
They once were strong as mine appear
And mine must be as they."

1817.

On a youth 17 years old:

"Prepare before it is too late,
Lest you should meet with sorrow;
Attend to this youthful date,
And boast not of to morrow."

1823.

"O death, insidious death,
Why did'st thou lurk unseen,
And not one premonition give;
Silence 'tis thy prerogative,
God hath so ordained."

THE following lines may be seen on a gravestone in Cheshire, Conn.:

"I pass, with melancholy state,
By all these solemn heaps of fate,
And think as soft and sad I tread
Above the venerable dead
Time was like me they life poss'd
And time will be when I shall rest."

THE two following were written, but never used.

Many years ago a circle of friends at Newburyport, Mass., were amusing themselves by impromptu epitaphs for each other. Miss Hannah F. Gould, the poetess, wrote the following for Caleb Cushing, one of the party, then a lawyer, and somewhat ambitious for political preferment:

"Lay aside, all ye dead,
In the very next bed
Reposes the body of Cushing:
He has crowded his way
Through the world, as they say,
And even though dead, *may be pushing.*"

In his turn, Mr. Cushing offered the following on Miss Gould:

"Here lies one whose wit,
Without wounding, could hit;
Oh! green be the turf that's above her!
Having sent every beau
To the regions below,
She has gone down herself *for a lover.*"

THE following is an accurate copy from a tombstone in the new cemetery at Saratoga, N. Y.:

"Mother—so of us—so our own—
So lately such as we—
How can we think the letter'd stone,
So simple, means eternity!"

THE following is from a monument to the Scotch Covenanter martyrs at Rullion Green:

Here
And nar to
this place lyes the
Reverend M^r John crookshank
and m^r Andrew m^ccormock
ministers of the Gospel and
About fifty other true coven-
anted Presbyterians who were
killed in this place in their own
Innocent self defence and def-
fence of the covenanted
work of Reformation By
Thomas Dalziel of Bins
upon the 28 of november
1666. Rev. 12–11. Erected
Sep. 28 1738.

ON the other side of the tablet we have the poetry, such as it is:

A Cloud of Witnesses lyes here,
Who for Christ's Interest did appear,
For to Restore true Liberty
Overturned then by tyranny.
And by proud Prelats who did Rage
Against the Lord's own heritage.

They sacrificed were for the laws
Of Christ their king his noble cause.
These heroes fought with great renown
By falling got the martyrs crown.

THE four next following are from a cemetery at Bound Brook, N. J.

Let sorrow for Eliza's Early Doom
No more in silence sigh
There is a hope beyond the tomb
Bids every tear be dry 1826.

Joseph Blackford, died 1804, 44th year of age.

Here lies the patron of his time
Blackford expired in his prime
Who three years short of 47
Was found full ripe and fit for heaven
But for our loss were 't in my power
I'd weep an everlasting shower.

The way in which forty-four is here made to rhyme with heaven is a beautiful example of poetic elasticity. The picture of profuse tearfulness is even more graphic than that given by the young preacher who said that he had "wept barrels of tears" over some of his shortcomings.

In memory of Adam Jobs, March 10, 1798.

O let not selfish love presume
To drop a sigh o'er Jobs's tomb.
While sad regrets our minds employ
He triumphs in a world of joy.

In memory of a man and wife
John A Austen & Nancy Oliver
Twenty sixth of January 1831.
She closed her life
29 Dec 1846 he followed her.
She lived a christian many years
And died aged sixty one
Seventy nine her age appears
Both underneath this stone.

The old graveyard of Dunstable contains the following sad but comical epitaph:

Here lies the body of Thomas Lund who departed
This life Sept. 24, 1724, in the 42d year of his age.
This man, with seven more that lies in this grave,
Was all slew in a day by the Indians.

And here is another, shorter, but more to the point:

"Died from swallowing the tip of an ombrel right into the lungs."

An avaricious minister receives reprobation in the following, at West Allington Church-yard, Devonshire, in which county it is the custom to pay a fee to the clergyman when a corpse is carried into the church. The youth died of virulent small-pox.

"Here lyeth the body of Daniel Jeffery, the son of Michael Jeffery, and Joan his wife. He was buried the 2' day of September, 1746, & in ye 18' yeare of his age. This youth, When in his sickness lay, did for the Minister Send * that he would Come and With him Pray * But he would not attend * But When this young man Buried was the Minister did him admit * he should be carried into Church * that he might money geet. By this you See what man will dwo * to geet money if he can * Who did Refuse to come and pray * By the Foresaid young man."

Here is an epitaph recently copied from a tombstone in one of the graveyards of Spencer, Mass.:

"As I lie mouldering in my grave,
No mother will my children have;
They will go crying after me,
Saying, 'O where is marm, where can she be?'"

A very eccentric man recently died in West Roxbury, Mass., at the age of nearly eighty years. Several years ago he erected his own monument in the cemetery at Stoughton, with the following inscription, leaving a blank for the date of his death:

Erected by some of the Masonic brethren in honor of Ebenezer W. Tolman, Esq. He was born in March 12, 1798. He was Worshipful Master of Rising Star Lodge, and Most Excellent High Priest of Mount Zion Royal Arch Chapter in Stoughton, Mass.; a member of the M. E. Royal Arch Chapter of the Commonwealth, and Thrice Illustrious Grand Master of the Adoniram Council, and a permanent member of the Most Puissant Grand Council of the State of Georgia. Through his Masonic skill, wisdom and influence it was called, organized and established at the Grand Masonic Convention, over which he presided. He was a member of the Orthodox Church, and an honest man. He was appointed Justice of the Peace for the last fourteen years in Suffolk County, and twenty-eight years in Norfolk County, and Justice of the Peace and Quorum for all the counties in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He was buried with Masonic grand honors. A Masonic procession was formed, preceded by a full band of music. His remains were carried into the Orthodox Church, where religious services were

performed, consisting of solemn music by the choir, the whole congregation standing and joining with the choir. Addresses were made, prayers, etc. The grand procession was again formed and proceeded to the old cemetery, where Masonic services with grand Masonic honors were performed. After the services the body was deposited in the Tolman family tomb.

Unfortunately for the truth of history as embodied in this ante-mortem epitaph, the circumstances of Mr. Tolman's burial did not at all fulfill his desires.

A head-stone in an old local cemetery in Athol, Mass., bearing date of January 21, 1792, has the following queer inscription:—

With graceful and engaging mein
She trod the carpet and the green,
With such refulgent virtues deckt,
As gain'd her wide and warm respect.
Prim health sat blooming on her cheeks,
Till fortune played her cruel freaks,
Her limbs in tort'ring pains confined
That wrecked her joints tho' not her mind,
By faith and patience fortifi'd
The rudest tempests to abide,
'Bove which she soar'd to realms of bliss,
Where Jesus hail'd her with a kiss.

A man named Church lost four wives who were buried in the same lot. In course of time it became necessary to remove the remains to another cemetery. The bereaved husband undertook the job himself, but in conveying the sainted dead in a furniture wagon the bones unfortunately got mixed, and, when ready for re-interment, even Church himself was unable to tell which was Emily and which was Hannah, etc. Being a very scrupulous man, after having performed the service of burial, and feeling that it would be wrong to use the old headstones, he procured new ones on which the inscriptions were as follows: "Here lies Hannah Church, and probably a portion of Emily, who was born," etc. On another stone, as follows: "Sacred to the memory of Emily Church, who seems to be mixed with Matilda, who was born," etc. Then follow these lines:

"Stranger pause and drop a tear
For Emily Church lies buried here,
Mixed in some perplexing manner
With Mary, Matilda and probably Hannah."

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